

The Gallery of Algaby, Simplon Road.

The Simplon Road across the Alps, from Geneva to Milan, is one of the most glorious monuments of Napoleon's enterprise. The route eminently claims the attention of all travellers by the novelty, variety, and grandeur, of the objects which it incessantly presents to the view. It would be difficult, perhaps impossible, to select another tract of equal extent, in which he would find such diversity of scenery, embracing all that is wild, awful and sublime in the polar regions of everlasting snow; and all that is beautiful, picturesque and magnificent in the mountains, forests and waters of more temperate regions. This road was begun in 1801, by M. Combe, author of the plan. Imagination can scarcely conceive the obstacles opposed to this undertaking. The road was required to cross rivers and precipices, and perforate hard rocks; but in many places it was to rest on crags, undisturbed by time and torrents, which it was necessary to support and consolidate. The execution of these works, however, fully answered the expectations formed from the talents of the engineers. From Brieg to Domo D'Ossola, the road crosses twenty-two bridges, through seven galleries, one seven hundred feet in length, rises 4,314 feet, and descends 5,225 feet. The Gallery of Algaby may be considered one of the most remarkable views on the whole route. The Gallery, or Tunnel, is 215 feet long, and is cut entirely through an immense mass of solid granite. The sombre appearance of the interior of the Gallery is well contrasted with the cheerfulness of the objects beyond it. The road is seen winding in various directions in the distance. The Gallery is, perhaps, less affected by changes of the weather than most others, in consequence, perhaps, of the peculiar solidity of the materials of which it is composed. It now and then happens, however, that the species of cement which unites the masses of granite gives way after severe frosts, and in consequence large fragments fall and obstruct the passage.

Remains of the Temple of Concord, &c.

All that now remains of the Temple of Concord at Rome, is eight pillars of oriental granite. Scarcely any thing is left above the architrave; all that exists is of brick; and there are arches in it over the intercolumniations. This temple was destroyed by fire, and was probably repaired in haste; the materials employed had probably belonged to different buildings, for neither the diameter of the pillars nor the intercolumniations are equal. One of them has evidently been made up of fragments of two different pillars, so that the diameter is perceptibly greater near the summit than in the middle. The bases are composed of Doric and Ionic, mixed. The bases and capitals are of white marble, and with the exception above mentioned are formed each of one block of granite; they are altogether 43 feet in height, and 13 feet in circumference.

It was long supposed that the edifice to which these pillars belonged, was that temple of Concord where Tully assembled the Senate on Cato's conspiracy. In fact, the Temple went by

this name for a long period, but now, that it has become the fashion with Roman antiquaries to call into dispute the names given to ancient buildings, the Temple of Concord has been obliged to change its name, and is now conjectured to be a Temple of Fortune; there seems to be no direct evidence for the change.

In front of these fine ruins is the remains of the Temple of Jupiter Tonans (the thunderer,) erected by Augustus, in gratitude for his escape from the lightning which killed one of his attendants preceding his litter. The pillars on the left of the picture overgrown with moss, are of great size, four feet four inches in diameter; and appear to have been tinged with a purple colour, which may still be clearly observed in the fluting near the capitals. Upon the lateral frieze are sculptured several ornaments connected with sacrifices.

The church of Santa Martina also on the left of the picture, is now dedicated to St. Luke, and one of the oldest churches in Rome still in repair. It was given to the Academy of Painters who dedicated it to their patron St. Luke. Its subterranean vaults are well worth seeing; annexed to the church is the gallery belonging to the Academy of St. Luke. It contains the portraits of a number of the most celebrated painters; among others that of Raphael, and a portrait of the saint by that master.

The general reader never tires of reading of Rome and its antiquities; the Coliseum, the Capitol, the Forum, St. Peter's and the Vatican never fail to gratify the enthusiasm of the classical enthusiast. The pensive reflections inspired by the recollections of the historic past are more freely called up in Rome than elsewhere. Our readers who desire to pursue the subject are referred to a most charming book, entitled "*Rome in the Nineteenth Century*," written by a lady of fine taste and talent, with all the playfulness of a female pen, light, graceful, and interesting, and yet filled with desirable information, which all should possess, and yet few attain, because the generality of books on the subject of Rome are filled only with dry details. *Rome in the Nineteenth Century*, on the contrary, will delight every reader with the least pretensions to taste.

WOMAN.**A Song—By BARRY CORNWALL.**

Be gentle with woman, our heart of hearts,
Who loveth us even while life departs;
Oh, call her not fickle, nor false, nor vain;
Oh, touch not so tender a heart with pain!

What, woman, the treasure, the gem, the flower?
The star that is bright in the wildest hour?
The bird that comes singing to sterner breast?
Ah! should we not teach it to love its nest?

Come on! let us vow that they all are fair;
Let's shout of their virtues to earth and air!
Let's soothe them, and guard them, and so repay
The love that they lend in our darker day!

Oh, value their gifts beyond gifts of gold,
All you of the sterner and courser mould;
And learn that their love, amidst toil and strife,
Is the spirit that calmeth and crowneth life.

A TALE OF MEXICAN LIFE.

It was a fine-looking, but deadly-broiling noon on 'he sea coast of Vera Cruz, when the jolly boat of the Mexican frigate "Libertad" pushed off for the ominous island of Sacrificios. What condition this miserable patch of distempered sand may be in now, we cannot say: at the period we allude to, it was a most wretched place, whose only inhabitants were lizards, turkey-buzzards, vormin of all classes and grades, a "garrison" of half a score of ragged Mexican soldiers, and several negroes, who kept huts, where fiery *aquadiente* drama and rank Campeachy cigars were vended. It was a glorious place for the orgies of yellow fever. Human bones were strewn about in all directions.

The boat of the national frigate, that was now pulling for the island, was like anything but a British man-of-war's boat. A midshipman in a broad straw hat, with one side of the brim bent down and held between his teeth to keep off the sun's rays that glared upon the sea, was loling in the stern sheets, puffing a long cigar from the other end of his mouth. He seemed to be thinking as little of the "sickly season," as of his present duty. His blue jacket was like those worn in our own service, except the Mexican eagle and serpent upon the button; but there was a profusion of gold lace upon his white kerseymer trousers, whose purity was in a rapid way of defacement from the hot ashes of the cigar which continued to fall as the boat rode over the unequal waves occasioned by a coming "norther." His boat's crew consisted of an English cockswain and three half-naked *costas*. It spoke volumes for the state of the Mexican navy. At the bottom of the boat lay two Mexican marines at full length, and guarded by four others, with loaded muskets, and a sergeant.—One of the prisoners was amusing himself with certain small and interesting intruders in the region of his dark matted locks, the other was fast asleep. They had been found guilty of insubordination and mutiny against an officer, and were ordered ashore to be shot.

Their ostensible offence was not, however, the only cause of their present sentence. There was a *secret* cause that had excited the officer's most deadly enmity against them. Availing himself of the very lax morality of the country, the said officer, partly by bribes to her parents, but more by promises that were poetically magnificent, and equally fabulous of result, had possessed himself of a pretty coal-eyed *nina* from the interior, who had now been under his fostering wing some six months. Pablo, her lover, who was a young *paysano*, had quickly followed and entered the national marine, in the hope of discovering some day, by watching the movements of his officer, in what quarter of Vera Cruz his lost fair one was secreted. This he was not long in effecting, as the town is small, and at this period was very thinly inhabited, owing to the sickly season, and also to the frequent firing of the Castle of St. Juan Ulloa which was not then subjugated. The officer not being then aware of the previous acquaintance of Pablo with his beautiful Indian, though he was well aware that his bribe to her parents had rendered some young suitor miserable as

well as herself, took no measures to keep him out of the town by extra duties on board gun boats or other vessels, so that frequent meetings of the lovers ensued.

Don Jose, the captain of marines, was a man very much addicted to falling in love; and though by no means intending to return his first fair one to her parents, had recently become desperately enamoured of the wife of one of his men, named Perez, who had been long in the service, but was descended from some old Castilian "stock" or "blade" in the Spanish armies. Don Jose, finding the object of his new passion impregnable to all his assaults, scornfully refusing his bribes, and laughing at his lies, made an end of the siege one fine dark windy night, and carried her off by force to a distant quarter of the town. Meantime he took especial care to keep her husband afloat, "on duty."

Perez, however, with all the acuteness of Argus-eyed jealousy, soon discovered what was transpiring ashore. He meditated sundry schemes of signal revenge; but upon mature reflection not finding any of them to his mind, he determined, with all the patience of one who has a fixed purpose, to wait till he could effect it entirely to his wish.

Perez and Pablo were shortly after transferred, with a few other marines, on board the schooner Tampico; when accidentally becoming acquainted with their mutual wrongs, they agreed to take the next opportunity, when ashore, of way-laying our sea-landman Lothario. The consequence was, that Don Jose narrowly escaped with his life from the hand of the justly vindictive Perez; and seeking refuge and consolation a short time after at the abode of his first youthful victim, was met at the door by her lover, Pablo, who threatened certain death if he attempted to enter then—or at any future period. Don Jose drew his sword fiercely; but, recollecting that his rank made its use unnecessary in this case, retired to the guard-house, and sending a party of his men to seize Pablo, had him quickly shipped off to the Libertad frigate as prisoner. Here he was joined by Perez, who was in a similar predicament; and a summary court-martial having tried them, without any weight being attached to their half-heard defence, they were ordered the punishment of death, for offering violence to the person of their commanding officer.

In pursuance of this sentence, they were now being conveyed to Sacrificios for execution next morning at day-break. The boat landed them with their guards, and then pulled off again for the frigate.

The crew of the Libertad (though the naval officers were all English) was composed of an ungainly mixture of Portuguese, French and Mexicans; some called "marinors," others in the shape of marines, and British seamen. A party of the latter had been to Sacrificios in the morning with the launch, and having given their officer "the slip," had congregated into the negro huts, and there treated themselves and Mexican ragamuffin soldiers from the dilapidated guard-house, with plentiful potations of *aquadiente*, to drink King George's health! When the prisoners arrived, the "soldiery" were in a

very disorderly state; staggering about proudly, striking their breasts and exclaiming, "Mejicano! Mejicano!" and occasionally, by way of gratitude for their exhilarated condition, mingling the name of his Britannic majesty, pronounced *ad libitum*. The interference of the new comers, who claimed more authority than was due to their rank, upon the impertinent score of being quite sober, gradually induced a disturbance and broil, during which the two prisoners escaped, and made off to a remote part of the island.

Upon such a place as Sacrificios it was scarcely possible that they could remain long undiscovered; and to leave it was equally beyond hope. The two men, however, hid themselves in a hole under the lee of a hot and crumbling sand bank. Here, in hoarse whispers, they spoke of their approaching fate, and at sunset they had come to the following determination.

Though sentence of death had been passed, it had nevertheless been left at the option of Don Jose to pardon either, or both, if he pleased; the offence, though not investigated, being evidently of a private and not a public nature. If, therefore, one of them could kill him when he came to Sacrificios to enforce their sentence, the other taking care previously to surrender himself at the guard-house, so as to prevent his implication, it was very probable that the latter would be pardoned, and the former only suffer. Who should do the deed was settled in a most characteristic manner. The Mexicans are most confirmed gamblers; and as to death, they are as careless about it as can be imagined of any people. Perez drew forth a very small and dirty pack of Spanish cards, and they agreed to play for every thing they possessed: (this may seem "forced and unnatural" to the Great Cockaigne;) when the one who lost all his money, silver buttons, trinkets, cigars, and clothes, though the latter only were not to be taken, should kill Don Jose by any means he could, either secretly that night, or if he came there, openly the next morning.

And thus in ghastly silence, at the dusk of evening, while the sound of the sea upon the near shore came surging low upon the ear, exchanging notes and looks at each other, indicative of the progress of the game—oft pausing to listen if those who were searching for them were approaching their hiding place—did those men sit crouching in the sand hole, with their knees touching each other, and their eyes bent close down upon the obscure oracular cards, to decipher their fate as they alternately displayed them in the fast-fading light.

By the time the moon was an hour high, Perez had won every thing belonging to his comrade. He accordingly rose, and receiving from him his money, consisting of a quarter of a dollar and sundry medios, his buttons, tobacco, half a pack of cards, three gilt rings, and two rosarios, ornamented with tinsel and little green silk tassels, they embraced each other several times, with looks of sensibility and affectionate intelligence—that perhaps had never before been expressed upon their features—and parted.

Perez immediately betook himself, by a short cut, to the guard-house, and surrendered him-

self to the three half-drunk dancing soldiers, and a sedate, towering-drunk corporal. The rest, who could stand, were all out in pursuit, headed by Don Jose, who had subsequently arrived on the island.

Meanwhile, Pablo, after a pause to collect himself for the accomplishment of the deed that had thus devolved upon him, slowly and cautiously moved forth to reconnoitre. He had not proceeded far, when he heard the sound of approaching men, forming one of the parties, that were in search of him and his comrade. As he came nearer, he clearly distinguished the shrill voice of Don Jose. The young Mexican made a rapid, yet noiseless, descent to the sea-shore, along which the party were approaching, and heading them before they were well in sight, stole himself into the sea, and swam, or rather floated, as low in the water as possible, till they had passed. He purposed following them, in order to watch his opportunity when Don Jose might be separated a short distance from his men; but the former manœuvre was rendered unnecessary by Don Jose seating himself upon a stone to rest, giving orders to the soldiers as to the direction in which they were to search before rejoining him.

They were no sooner out of sight, than Pablo issued from the sea and advanced rapidly towards Don Jose. The latter thought at first that it was a messenger with news of the fugitive; but seeing the glitter of a drawn blade, added to a peculiarity of manner in the approaching figure, he started up and placed himself in a posture of defence. The young Mexican, though new to the service of arms, was most expert, like many of his countrymen from the interior, in the use of the knife; and grasping his bayonet in the same style, it became a dreadful weapon in his hand, which nothing but an equal skill in his antagonist's sword could withstand. Don Jose had scarcely time to recognize and call upon him to surrender himself, ere Pablo attacked him with a spirit and vigor that precluded all further parley, not even giving him breath to call for assistance.

The contest was not of long duration. Don Jose wounded Pablo slightly several times, but fearing to make a thorough-going lunge, because, if it failed, his own fate was pretty certain, he continued to retire backwards a step at a time, till stumbling, he fell at his length, and his antagonist, striking the sword from his hand, stood over him with his uplifted weapon.

Don Jose instantly rose upon his knees with his hands elevated to avert the descending point, and begged his life. Pablo paused a moment, indecisive; when, remembering his faith plighted to his comrade, he exclaimed:—"No—you shall die as you deserve; but I will not kill you in that attitude. Rise, and take your sword once more, and be quick about it, lest your men return." As he said this, the young Mexican drew himself up with that degree of abstraction and dignity which generally accompanies the sudden transition of feeling in a magnanimous action; when the wily Don Jose sprung upon him like a tiger-cat, and snatching the bayonet from his relaxed hand, thrust it deep into his breast,

and Pablo, with one long convulsive gasp reeled and fell lifeless upon the sand.

Don Jose quickly returned to the guard-house. Finding the other prisoner already in custody, he gave the strictest and most peremptory injunctions as to his safe keeping, and chuckling with bitter glee at the further satisfaction he should have in the morning, betook himself to rest.

When Perez understood the fate of his comrade, he as readily saw his own, and with one shrug of the shoulders reconciled himself as well as he could to the unlucky disappointment and its consequences. In the course of the night he drew forth his tattered pack of cards, and offered to play with the soldiers who were guarding him for all he had; they thought it would be very easy to win every thing from a man who was to die in the morning, and of course could have no need for, and must be equally careless about losing his money and "valuables." They were deceived. Perez never played with so much skill as upon this occasion, and his luck, by a freak of fortune common enough in such cases, was unfailing. He made the most hazardous bets, and won them; he gave any odds upon any card, and still won. Having nearly possessed himself of all the money, ornaments and other trumpery of the soldiers, he was obliged to desist, as the dawn was breaking; he therefore gave them in charge to one whom he could depend upon, to be conveyed to his wife in Vera Cruz, together with a *short message* between an adieu and an injunction.

At gun-fire aboard the *Libertad*—from which the "garrison" of *Sacrificios* generally took their time—Perez was led forth to execution, with a cigar in his mouth. We do not say that he was insensible to the end that awaited him; but knowing that it was inevitable, his presence of mind was disturbed by no hopes, and his nerves were not of a kind to be shaken by fears. The only thing that superseded indifference, was a bitter sense of the injustice of his fate. Though a Mexican by birth and parentage, his grandfather had been a soldier of some small rank in Old Spain, and Perez seeing nothing but Mexicans around him, thought he could not show his own contempt of death sufficiently without including the people of the country he was about to "quit" and who were to fire at him, he laid his hand upon his breast, with an air of hauteur, as though he had descended from a grandee, exclaiming—"Soy Espanol; Castellano! y no Mejicana mestizo."^{*}

Don Jose, with an enraged voice, ordered the foremost party, who were marines, to load.—While they were doing so with their usual awkwardness, Perez addressed the officer with scornful composure, holding his cigar between a finger and thumb.

"Don Jose, you are a coward. I know it by your having killed Pablo. He was far more expert with his weapon than you with yours: his death must have been effected by some foul trick or promise."

With a furious execration, Don Jose snatched

a musket from the hand of the marine nearest to him, and fired at his victim. The ball missed him, and Perez, with a grim smile, taking a whiff of his cigar, spoke again:

"Don Jose, you were a brutal piocaron to carry off my wife by force; but you were a fool before that, to suppose that she, or any other woman, would have left me, Espanol! Castellano! for such a lizard-faced spider-limbed thing as you! As those noisy barrels pointing at me —."

At this moment a volley from the marines silenced him forever. The ghastly hue of death overspread his countenance, and the blood issued from several parts of his white dress, trifling down in long branching rills into the sand. With eyes fixed on Don Jose, he stood a moment—tossed his cigar scornfully upon the ground—and folding his arms, fell backwards stone dead without a groan.

Don Jose returned to his marine corps in Vera Cruz, exulting in the end of his rivals. He did not long enjoy his ill-gotten triumph over his unfortunate men; for, a few weeks after, he was found murdered in the streets of Vera Cruz, close by the Santa Febarrier. The deed was traced, without much difficulty, or the lazy "authorities" would never have traced it at all—to the wife of Perez. She was accordingly fined five dollars, and ordered to be imprisoned a fortnight; the triviality of which punishment was not owing to any sense of political or moral justice—that being about the average estimate of the value of a life in Mexico.

LOVE ME!

Love me—Love me—like the stars
That love to shine at night,
With sparkling eyes
In joy arise
To kiss the gloom and make it bright.

My heart—My heart is a gloomy veil,
That time has darkened o'er;
But come with the light
Of thine eyes, star-bright,
And darkness shall be no more.

Love me—Love me—like the sun
That warms while it lightens too;
Brings flowers to life
With sweetness ripe,
I care not for life without flowers to view.

My heart—My heart's a garden wild,
Its flowers are left to perish;
But come like the sun,
And smile upon
The heart's garden roses, and cherish.

Love me—Love me—like the moon,
For the moon is chaste and bright;
And love to endure,
Must, like moonlight, be pure,
And holiness be in its light.

My heart—My heart's like a placid brook
That lies in a garden fair;
And the sun-rays at noon,
And the stars and the moon,
Must beam on and brighten there.

^{*}I am a Spaniard!—a Castilian!—not a mongrel Mexican!

From the New England Magazine.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MATHEW CAREY.

LETTER IV.

In October, 1786, I commenced, in partnership with T. Siddons, Charles Cist, C. Talbot, W. Spotswood, and J. Trenchard,* the *Columbian Magazine*. In the first number, I wrote four pieces, "The Life of General Greene," "The Shipwreck, a Lamentable Story, Founded on Fact," "A Philosophical Dream," and "Hard Times, a Fragment."

The Philosophical Dream was an anticipation of the state of the country in the year 1850, on the plan of Mercier's celebrated work, "The Year 2500." Some of the predictions, which at that period must have been regarded as farcical, have been wonderfully fulfilled, and others are likely to be realized previous to the arrival of the year 1850. I annex a few of them, which may serve to amuse the reader.

"Pittsburg, Jan. 15, 1850. The canal which is making from the river Ohio, to the Susquehanna, and thence to the Delaware, will be of immense advantage to the United States. If the same progress continues to be made hereafter as has been for some time past, it will be completed in less than two years."

This was probably the first suggestion of the grand project of uniting the waters of the Delaware with those of the Ohio. It preceded by four years the project of the financier, Robert Morris, and his friends, to unite the Delaware with the Schuylkill and the Susquehanna, which was broached in 1790.

"Pittsburg, Jan. 15. Delegates from the thirtieth new state, laid off a few months since by order of Congress, lately arrived at Columbia; and on producing their credentials, were received into the Federal Council.

"The Agricultural Society of this town, have offered premiums to the amount of £1000, for the improvement of husbandry.

"In the assembly of this state, it was lately ordered that the salaries of public school-masters shall hereafter be £200 per annum.

"Ezekiel Jones was lately convicted of not sending his son to school, although five years old. The time ordered by law is at four years. He was sentenced to stand in a white sheet, three successive Sundays, in his parish church.

"Charleston, April 15. No less than 10,000 blacks have been transported from this state and Virginia, during the last two years to Africa, where they have formed a settlement near the mouth of the river Goree. Very few blacks remain in this country now; and we sincerely hope that in a few years every vestige of the infamous traffic carried on by our ancestors in the human species, will be done away.

"Richmond, April 30. By authentic advices from Kentucky, we are informed, that "no less than 150 vessels have been built on the river Ohio, during the last year, and sent down that river and the Mississippi, laden with valuable produce, which has been carried to the West Indies, where the vessels and their cargoes have been disposed of to great advantage.

"Boston, April 30. At length the canal across the isthmus of Darien is completed. It is about sixty miles long. First-rate vessels of war can with ease sail through. Two vessels belonging to this port, two to Philadelphia, and one to New York, sailed through on the 20th of January last, bound for Canton, in China.†

*After I quitted the concern, a general title was engraved for the first volume, which contained the names of the proprietors at that period—viz: T. Siddons, W. Spotswood, C. Cist and J. Trenchard.

†Utterly ignorant of canalizing at that period, I made

"Columbia, May 1. Extract from the Journals of Congress.—"Ordered that there be twenty professors in the University of Columbia, in this city; viz: of Divinity, of Church History, of Hebrew, of Greek, of Humanity, of Logic, of Moral Philosophy, of Natural Philosophy, of Mathematics, of Civil History, of Natural History, of Common and Civil Law, of the Law of Nature and Nations, of Rhetoric and Belles Lettres, of Botany, of Materia Medica, of Physic, of Chemistry, of Anatomy, and of Midwifery."

Philadelphia, Oct. 1, 1786.

The discomfort arising from the discordant views of the different partners—the utter improbability of such a work producing any profit, worth the attention of five persons, and other considerations, determined me to withdraw from the *Columbian Magazine*, which I did in December, 1786. And in January, 1787, I issued the first number of the *American Museum*, intended to preserve the valuable fugitive essays, that appeared in the newspapers, which I continued for six years, ending Dec. 1792.

The first number, which contained a mass of most excellent matter, attracted great attention. It was eagerly sought after; and as I sold it separately, the edition, 1000 copies, was soon exhausted. I had not means to reprint it. This was a very serious injury; many persons who intended to subscribe, declining, as I could not furnish the whole of the numbers. I applied for a loan of \$150 to half a dozen or a dozen wealthy persons, but for a considerable time my applications were wholly in vain.† At length I procured the requisite sum from Mr. George Fox, to whom I gave bond and judgment for the amount. He passed the bond to his grocer, in payment for family supplies, and the grocer was indemnified by instalments, as I found it convenient.

Never was more labour bestowed on a work, with less reward. During the whole six years, I was in a state of intense penury. I never at any one time, possessed 400 dollars,—and rarely three or two hundred. My difficulties were of the most embarrassing kind. I was, times without number, obliged to borrow money to go to market, and was often unable to pay my journeymen on Saturday; which sent me to bed sick with vexation. One resolute negro pressman, who had not received his wages on Saturday night, refused to go to work on Monday morning. "He was not," he said boldly, "going to starve in the midst of the fat of the land."

The strongest instance of my extreme poverty, was in the case of a German paper maker, named Conrad Hinderheets, to whom I had given a note for 37 dollars, which I paid at five instalments, one of which was a French crown! Be it observed, that I was then as willing and ready to pay my debts, as I have ever been, or am at present; and what renders the case more remarkable, is, that the man lived, as far as I recollect, 15 or 20 miles out of town; and there is always more scruple about putting off a country dun, than one who lives in the same city with the debtor.

My embarrassments arose from three sources. The subscription was too low. It was only two dollars

a most miserable calculation of the width and expense of such an improvement. I have therefore omitted both, to escape ridicule. This, be it observed, is the only variation from the original.

‡What a contrast between this conduct and that of the Marquis de la Fayette! In the one case, I was a poor, friendless, forlorn stranger; in the other I was engaged in a very useful occupation, which, for aught the parties knew, might prove highly profitable, and therefore had a tenfold claim. Moreover, the sum required as a loan, was not much more than a third of the amount of the Marquis's gift.

and forty cents per annum, for which I gave two volumes containing each from 500 to 550 pages; a quantity that now commands \$5. This was an immense disadvantage, and enough of itself, to keep me constantly in a crippled state.

Another source of difficulty arose from the fact, that more than half of my subscribers lived in remote situations, 2, 3, 4 and 500 miles from me; and their remittances were so extremely irregular that I was obliged to hire collectors to dun them, at a heavy expense, which averaged at least 30 per cent. of the slender modicum I was entitled to receive! It is painful to relate that wealthy citizens of Philadelphia, were in many cases guilty of the gross impropriety, of obliging me to send half a dozen or a dozen times for the paltry annual subscription.

I printed, moreover, quite too many copies, in the vain hope of ultimately procuring a large increase of subscribers. In a word, my pecuniary embarrassments were so great, and so constant, that I am now astonished, how I was able to muster perseverance and fortitude to struggle through them.

I was much attached to the work, and had great reluctance to abandon it, unproductive and vexatious as was the management of it; but at length I sang its requiem, as I have said, at the close of the year 1792. That it had considerable merit is universally acknowledged; and there is no vanity in the declaration, as the work did not contain a single essay of my own. The whole of my labour consisted in the selection of its contents from newspapers, and the addition, occasionally, of a few notes of little importance.

The American Museum met with the most unqualified approbation of some of the most distinguished citizens of the United States—of Gen. Washington; John Dickinson; Gov. Livingston; Dr. Rush, Bishop White, Judge Hopkinson, Dr. Dwight, &c. &c.

"I believe the American Museum has met with extensive, I may say, with universal approbation from competent judges; for I am of opinion that the work is not only eminently calculated to disseminate political, agricultural, philosophical, and other valuable information; but that it has been uniformly conducted with taste, attention and propriety. It to these important objects, be superadded the more immediate design, of rescuing public documents from oblivion; I will venture to pronounce as my sentiment, that a more useful literary plan has never been undertaken in America, or one more deserving of public encouragement."—Gen. Washington, June 25, 1788.

"With very great pleasure I have observed, that it has been conducted in a manner highly deserving encouragement. As I do not doubt but it will be continued with the same diligence, prudence, and zeal for advancing the welfare of these states, that have hitherto so eminently distinguished its direction, I fervently wish, and firmly trust, that a generous and enlightened people, will justly estimate the merits of a work carried on with such a variety of exertions, and such a fidelity of intentions for the publick good."—Hon. John Dickinson, July 19, 1788.

"Persuading one of your Museums, lent me by a friend, I hesitated not a moment to subscribe to the work. Since that, I have read all the preceding numbers, and can say, without flattery, (which I always detested) that it far exceeds in my opinion, every attempt of the kind, which, from any other American press, ever came to my hands."—Gov. Livingston, August 8, 1788.

"I cheerfully concur in adding the testimony of my name in favor of the usefulness of your Museum together with my best wishes for its extensive circulation, while it continues to be the vehicle of essays that are calculated to advance the interest of science and virtue, and of the agriculture, manufactures, and national government of the United States."—B. Rush, M. D.

To the married state I had long looked forward, as the most eligible condition in life, even before my adventure with Miss Boya. But I was so chivalric, that I had determined never to marry till I could support a wife genteelly, or at least comfortably. But in this case, as in many others, in which I had resolved, as I thought, irrevocably, fortune or destiny crossed my purpose; for when I married at 31, my whole property consisted in cart loads of odd volumes, and odd numbers of the American Museum, which, when I finally abandoned the work, proved almost valueless; and also a most slender supply of furniture, which would not sell for one hundred dollars. My wife was as poor as myself. I did not receive a dollar with her; all her fortune was a quantity of furniture, not much more valuable than my own. So far as fortune is concerned, it rarely happens that a more imprudent marriage takes place—or one in which sortid views of interest have less influence. I was obviously not a fortune hunter.

I married Miss B. Flahavan, the daughter of a highly respectable citizen, ruined by the revolution. He sold his stock in trade for continental money; and, being inactive and indolent, took no means to realize it; and it finally perished nearly altogether in his hands.

My wife was about ten years younger than me. She was industrious, prudent, and economical, and well calculated to save whatever I made. She had a large fund of good sense. We early formed a determination to indulge in no unnecessary expense—and to mount the ladder so slowly, as to run no risk of having to descend. Happy, thrice happy would it be, for thousands and tens of thousands, if they adopted and persevered in this salutary and saving course! What masses of misery would it not prevent! But a large portion of young people at present, crowd into a few years, enjoyments which might last for life; and hence, it too often happens, that daughters, tenderly reared, and who have brought handsome fortunes to their husbands, are obliged to return home to their aged parents, who have to maintain them, their husbands, and an increasing brood of children; a deplorable fate for old age. The young men are highly culpable, who, through their imprudence or extravagance, make such a return to the parents of their wives, for their cares and anxieties and expenditures. To avoid this calamity, no pains, no sacrifice of enjoyment or even of comfort or convenience ought to be spared. Some idea may be formed of the fidelity with which we observed this rule, when I state that at a time when I did business to the amount of 40 or 50,000 dollars per annum, I hesitated for four or five years about changing my gig for a one-horse four-wheel carriage—and nearly as long about purchasing a carriage and pair. And during the whole period of our marriage, I never, as far as I recollect, entered a tavern except on a jury, or arbitration, or to see a customer, or at a public dinner, or on my travels; never in a single instance for the purpose of drinking.

My wife and I lived together happily for nearly thirty nine years. We had nine children, of whom three have died, two in infancy, and one, a daughter, of the most angelic character, at about seventeen years. Of her I can truly say, that to the best of my recollection, she never gave her mother or me a single moment's uneasiness by ill temper or ill humour. She was placidity and gentleness personified. M. CAREY.

Phila. Dec. 7, 1833.

LETTER V.

WHEN I relinquished the ill-fated Museum, I commenced book-selling and printing on a small scale. My store, or rather my shop, was of very moderate dimensions; but, small as it was, I had not full-bound books enough to fill the shelves—a considerable por-

tion of them were occupied by spelling-books. I procured a credit at Bank, which enabled me to extend my business; and by care, indefatigable industry, the most rigid punctuality, and frugality, I gradually advanced in the world. Some idea may be formed of my devotion to business, from the fact, that for above twenty-five years, I was present, winter and summer, at the opening of my store; and my parlor being close to the store, I always left my meals, when business of any importance was being transacted.

In 1793, I was a member of the Committee of Health, appointed to devise the best course to be pursued for the relief of the sick of the Yellow Fever, and of the orphans, who had been and might be bereft of their parents or other protectors. While the committee were deliberating on the appointment of managers of Bush Hill hospital, (a villa belonging to William Hamilton, Esq. of which possession had been taken, in the absence of the proprietor, from the impossibility of procuring any other place as well situated;) while, I say, they were thus deliberating, they were inexpressibly delighted by the offer of Stephen Girard, one of the members, to officiate in the capacity of superintendent. Stimulated by this noble offering of himself, as a sort of forlorn hope in the cause of humanity, in a situation which was generally regarded as leading the party to destruction, Peter Helm, a plain German, came forward, and offered his services in the same perilous office. They both performed the duty most faithfully. Mr. Girard helped to dress the aces, and perform all the menial offices for the sick. This part of the duty was not, I believe, so much attended to by Mr. Helm, who had the general superintendence of the house and all its concerns.

I wrote a full account of the rise, progress, effects, and termination of this dreadful calamity, of which I published four editions. The chief part of one of them, the second, was sent to Europe, for the information of correspondents. Hundreds of them were sent by debtors to creditors in that quarter, to account for deficiency of remittance.

The following extract from this pamphlet may prove interesting to the reader:—

"The consternation of the people of Philadelphia, at this period, September, 1793, was beyond all bounds. Dread and affright were visible in almost every person's countenance. Most of those who could, by any means, make it convenient, fled from the city. Of those who remained, many shut themselves up in their houses, being afraid to walk the streets. The smoke of tobacco being regarded as a preventive, many persons, even women and small boys, had cigars almost constantly in their mouths. Others, placing full confidence in garlic, chewed it almost the whole day; some kept it in their pockets and shoes. Many were afraid to allow the barbers or hair-dressers to come near them, as instances had occurred of some of them having shaved the dead, and many having engaged as bleeders. Some, who carried their caution pretty far, bought lancets for themselves, not daring to allow themselves to be bled with the lancets of the bleeders. Many houses were scarcely a moment in the day free from the smell of gunpowder, burnt tobacco, nitre, sprinkled vinegar, &c. Some of the churches were almost deserted, and others wholly closed. The coffee-house was shut up, as was the city library, and most of the public offices; three out of the four daily papers, were discontinued, as were some of the others. Many devoted no small portion of their time to purifying, scouring, and whitewashing their rooms. Those who ventured abroad, had handkerchiefs or sponges, impregnated with vinegar or camphor, at their noses, or smelling-bottles full of thieves' vinegar. Others carried pieces of tarred rope in their hands or pockets, or camphor bags tied round their necks. The corpses of the most respectable citizens, even of those who

had not died of the epidemic, were carried to the grave on the shafts of a chair, the horse driven by a negro, unattended by a friend or relation, and without any sort of ceremony. People uniformly and hastily shifted their course at the sight of a hearse coming towards them. Many never walked on the foot-path, but went into the middle of the streets to avoid being infected in passing houses wherein people had died. Acquaintances and friends avoided each other in the streets, and only signified their regard by a cold nod. The old custom of shaking hands, fell into such general disuse, that many shrunk back with affright at even the offer of the hand. A person with a crape, or any appearance of mourning, was shunned like a viper; and many valued themselves highly on the skill and address with which they got to windward of every person whom they met. Indeed, it is not probable that London, at the last stage of the plague, exhibited stronger marks of terror, than were to be seen in Philadelphia, from the twenty-fifth or twenty-sixth of August, till late in September. When the citizens summoned resolution to walk abroad, and take the air, the sick cart conveying patients to the hospital, or the hearse, carrying the dead to the grave, which were travelling almost the whole day, soon damped their spirits, and plunged them again into despondency.

"While affairs were in this deplorable state, and people at the lowest ebb of despair, we cannot be astonished at the frightful scenes that were acted, which seemed to indicate a total dissolution of the bonds of society in the nearest and dearest connexion. Who, without horror, can reflect on a husband, married perhaps for twenty years, deserting his wife in the last agony—a wife, unfeelingly abandoning her husband on his death-bed—parents forsaking their children—children ungratefully flying from their parents, and resigning them to chance, often without an inquiry after their health or safety—masters hurrying off their faithful servants to Bush Hill, even on suspicion of the fever, and that at a time, when, almost like Tartarus, it was open to every visitant, but rarely returned any—servants abandoning tender and humane masters, who only wanted a little care to restore them to health and usefulness—who, I say, can think of these things without horror?"

It is a curious fact, which I leave physiologists to account for, that some of the most tranquil and happy hours of my existence were passed during the prevalence of this pestilence. And the feelings of my colleagues generally, were pretty much the same. I was, for the first time for ten years, wholly free from the cares of business—had no money to borrow—no notes to pay—and my mind was fully occupied by the duties to which I had devoted myself. We generally breakfasted at home, at an early hour, and mustered immediately at the state-house, where we remained till late in the evening. We had a sideboard plentifully provided with ham, round of beef, cheese, bread, wine, and porter; and we freely enjoyed the good things provided for us—became a band of brothers, attached to each other—and were in some degree callous to the scenes, which daily and hourly took place, and of some of which we were eye-witnesses. The only drawback on our enjoyment, was when some friend or relation was swept away suddenly—when we had information that one of our colleagues shared that fate—or when some person had become a corpse,

* Four of our members, among the most valuable citizens that Philadelphia could boast of, died of the fever.—Jonathan Dickinson Sergeant, the father of our estimable fellow citizen, John Sergeant, Esq.; Andrew Adgate, Daniel Offley, and Joseph Inskeep. Mr. Sergeant left ten children, one of them posthumous. Seven of them were under thirteen years of age. What a

whom we had seen or known to be in good health a few hours before.

One day I rode with Caleb Lowndes towards Bush Hill, where we stopped to speak to the physician, Dr. B. Duffield, who was standing at the gate. He asked us to alight, which we complied with. After we had conversed together for a few minutes, he invited us to come in, and examine the house. Lowndes had the prudence to refuse. But although I saw the impropriety of a wanton exposure of myself to danger, without any possible good to arise from it, I had not courage to refuse (a failing which has often cost me dear); I entered the building, and went through every room in the house. The atmosphere was fetid, for it was just after Messrs. Girard & Helm had undertaken the management of it, and before there was opportunity to purify the rooms from the pestilential air that had accumulated, previous to that epoch, when dead and putrefying bodies remained for days collected in the rooms, the attendants having been inadequate to inter them. When I returned home, I found, or perhaps only fancied, myself affected with what are always regarded as incipient symptoms—lassitude—pains in the head and back—and an icy coldness over the surface of my body. I was, as may be readily supposed, considerably alarmed—and *obstare principis* being my maxim, I took immediate measures to arrest the fell destroyer in his career. I bathed my feet in warm water—took large draughts of warm centenary tea—and went early to bed, covered with as many blankets as I could well bear. I had a strong presentiment that a sound sleep and copious perspiration would completely put the enemy to flight. For three or four hours I could neither sleep nor perspire. But, at length, I fell into as sound a sleep as if I had been drenched with laudanum; and, when I awoke, was covered with a profuse perspiration, and found myself as well as I had ever been.

Let me here insert two or three banking anecdotes, although one of them, at least, is rather out of time.

The Bank of North-America was regarded pretty much as a Quaker bank,—its most influential directors being Friends. I had a small account there, and was sufficiently accommodated. When that interesting comedy, *Wild Oats*, came to this country, I published it. There is introduced among the dramatic persons a hypocritical Quaker, Ephraim Smooth, at which the Quakers very naturally took offence. Simultaneously with this publication, I met with several unusual rejections at this Bank. It being a novelty, I was, from the coincidence, led to believe it was in consequence of the publication of *Wild Oats*, which the good followers of the illustrious Penn. I supposed, took in high dudgeon. How far this idea was correct, I never had any opportunity to decide. I was probably quite mistaken.

During the yellow fever of 1798, died my excellent friend, Isaac Price, than whom a better, more zealous, more ardent, or public spirited man never lived. I was indorser for him at the Bank of Pennsylvania to the amount of probably six or seven thousand dollars, and he for me, for five or six thousand dollars. I offered two names of perfectly unexceptionable character, James Gallagher, and John Carrell, to supply his place, each for about one half the total sum. The Bank demanded both names on each note. I felt indignant, refused, and set them at defiance. I wrote them a long and strong letter, in which I distinctly stated, that I would not sanction such a libel on my credit, as to admit that my name, with the addition of that

of one of those citizens, was not good for the amount; and that "*I could not, if I would—and would not if I could,*" give two indorsers to each note—meaning, that the concession of the necessity of two names would alarm the parties, and produce a refusal from both. I was in a considerable quandary; and, had the Bank persisted, I really knew not what to do. But I had the pleasure of seeing the president, S. M. Fox, come to me in the evening, with the information, that the Bank had receded from its demand—that I had the privilege of withdrawing my letter—and that I might, in the morning, send in the notes on my own plan. Mr. Fox, who was, in the fullest sense of the word, a complete gentleman, of the most amiable manners, spoke to me so kindly, that he brought tears to my eyes—a result which has never been produced on me by harshness, but frequently by kindness and sympathy. Philadelphia, Dec. 12, 1833. M. CAREY.

From the Western Methodist.

THE TRUMPETER OF ZION.

There was once a wild tradition among the Tyrol mountains that on one of the inaccessible summits a terrible trumpeter had taken his stand, and that the course of the world rolled on prosperously or the contrary according to the fearful tunes which he played. After blowing through the gloom and glory of this world it was said that he would blow a dirge so mournfully solemn for himself, that death would refuse for a time to execute his last commission upon him, hoping that his trumpet would wail again among the mountains.

A blast is on the hills,
A roar upon the sea,
A searching echo thrills
Like trumps of victory,—
And louder—broader—swells the song
That rolls in stormy chords along.
Tremendous, heard at night,
A moral trumpet blows,
And dead men wake in fright,
Rending their damp grave clothes—
Staring with eyes of fire, toward
The outspread banner of the Lord.

Blow, trumpeter, again!
Up-break old monuments,
And flashing o'er the plain
Blaze unexplained portents,—
While earth upon her mountain throne
Gives from her mighty heart a groan.
Blow, trumpeter, once more!
Ten thousand legions come
Without the cannon's roar
Or beat of stirring drum—
Grim war turns pale before a host
The proudest captains ne'er could boast.

The rush of wings is heard,
The lutes of heaven play,
The storm creation feared
Hath passed in peace away,—
And glory like an unbound sea
Sweeps proudly round immensity.
Blow, trumpeter, in power!
The earth beneath the blast
In changing every hour;
Its iron age hath passed,
And golden eras sweetly rise
Like daylight over summer skies.

The mellow east is red,
The sun of glory nigh;
Uncover now thy head
Beneath a crimson sky,

sacrifice in the cause of humanity! Of the whole number of members there are now living only four, Thomas Wistar, John Letchworth, James Sharwood, and the writer of these pages.

Which blushes all a Saviour's love
To gild thy canopy above.

Blow, trumpeter, a peal
Before the solemn knell
Thy death-note shall reveal,
And ring thy sad farewell:—
Blow, wild trumpeter, in thunder
And break the jaws of death asunder!

Blow trumpet—clarion—horn!
Like many waters crying,
The doomed one to warn
And save a soul from dying—
Blow rock and mountain rampart round
Till glory echoes back the sound.

Blow with your dying breath!
Fling on the midnight air
The swan-notes of your death
And leave their echo there:
The last shout of your sounding shell
Shall blend with angel harpers well.

The trumpeter is dead,
His trumpet speaks no more,
The gravel for his bed
Was dug upon the shore—
Yet signet, sceptre, harp and crown,
Upon his dying couch came down.

JOHN NEWLAND MAFFITT.

Baltimore, 1833.

COUNSELLOR COSTELLO.

While the celebrated Costello was in his zenith, at the Irish bar, he was unrivalled for wit, acuteness and propensity for brogue. His practice lay considerably in the criminal courts, where by his ingenuity, he enabled many a deserving culprit to evade the punishment of the law. He was one day summoned to Newgate in a great hurry, and in a case of great emergency. The safe or strong box of the bank of Glendower & co. had been plundered to an immense amount. Suspicion had fallen upon the deputy cashier, who was in consequence arrested and sent to prison, inside the walls of which he had not been ten minutes, before he was advised by his fellow prisoner to send for Counsellor Costello, who would, if any man could, save his life. It was in obedience to this summons, that the Counsellor repaired to Newgate.

"I am told you are committed for purloining ten thousand guineas, my dear sir!" said the Counsellor, as he entered the cell.

"I am."

"Are you guilty?"

"Sir."

"Have you the *Aragoun sheesee*?"

"I don't understand you."

"Did you do the thing?"

"Sir, you insult me by your suspicions!"

"Then you'll be hanged!" and the Counsellor took his hat.

"Hold, sir," said the prisoner—who after a little hesitation confessed that he was *able to pay* the Counsellor a thousand guineas, if he should procure his acquittal. The bargain was struck, and the Counsellor then took his leave.

Costello immediately repaired to the Crown Office, as it was then called, in Dublin, from which his client had been committed. The sitting magistrate was still on the Bench.

"Good morning, Mr. Alderman," said the Counsellor, as he entered, "is there any news to day—any thing stirring in my way?"

"Yes, a most extraordinary case has occurred. One of Glendower's clerks has abstracted from the strong box of the bank, ten bags, each containing one thou-

sand guineas in gold. He was arrested this morning, some of the property was found on him, and has been sworn to. I sent him to Newgate about half an hour since, and he'll certainly swing after the next commission." (Old Bailey Sessions.)

"The property sworn to! Why sounds! how can that be? One guinea is like another, and—"

"True, true, but with the guineas, the fellow stole some foreign gold coin, one of which, a broad Dutch piece was found on him when he was arrested—it has been identified by the chief cashier; so you will admit he has no chance of escape. Here it is!"—and he handed the coin to the Counsellor.

Costello took the piece of money into his hand, looked at it most attentively, turned it in his hand and after considering it with an air of virtuosity, returned it to the Alderman, with "Upon my conscience, as clear a case as I ever met." After some unimportant conversation, he withdrew, went home, and by the packet which sailed, that night, he despatched a trusty messenger to Amsterdam with certain instructions, and a strict injunction to be back in Dublin, within three weeks, at the end of which, the commission of Oyer and Terminer was to commence. The man succeeded in the object of his mission, and returned to Dublin on the morning of the day appointed for the trial of his master's client.

The prisoner was put upon trial. The principal cashier of Glendower & Co. proved the circumstance of the robbery as narrated by the Alderman, to Costello; adding that the robber (who could be none but the prisoner) had substituted ten bags of half pence for those of gold, which he had stolen. The Dutch piece was then handed to the witness by the counsel for the prosecution; he unhesitatingly identified it as the property of his employers. This evidence was deemed conclusive—the prisoner's countenance changed; the jury indicated by their gestures that they were satisfied; the witness was descending from the table, when Costello exclaimed—

"Stop, young man, a word with you. I will thank you for that gold piece, Mr. —," (to the counsel for the prosecution, who handed it to him.) He looked at it, rubbed it on the sleeve of his well worn coat, and then turning to the witness, said, holding the piece of money in his fingers—"and you positively swear this is the identical piece of gold which was in the strong box of Glendower & Co?"

"I do."

"Have a care young man, look at it again, said Costello, offering it to the witness, but letting it fall into his hat which lay before him on the table. "I beg your pardon," said he, taking it up and handing the coin to the witness—

"You are sure that this is the identical piece of money?"

"I am."

"You are positive? Look at it again."

"I do swear this is the identical piece."

"And *this*?" said the Counsellor, taking another and similar one from his hat.

The witness was petrified.

Costello had at the Crown office impressed upon his mind the date and effigies of the gold piece shown him, and it was to procure some similar coin, that he had sent to Holland.

"And *this*?" continued he—"and *this* and *this*?" taking a fresh piece from his hat at each question.

The witness was struck dumb. The prisoner was immediately acquitted.

PERSECUTION.—The first war undertaken for religion, was that of the Armenian christians, to defend themselves against the persecution of Maximus.

From the New-York Mirror.

The Fight of Hell-Kettle.

BY TYRONE POWER.

Author of the "*Lost Hair*," "*The King's Secret*," &c.

Never let it be said the days of chivalry are fled: heralds may have ceased to record good blows stricken, to the tune of "a largeesse worthie knights,"—pennon and banner, square and swallow-tail'd, sleeve and scarf, with all the trumpery of chivalry, are long since dead, 'tis true; but the lofty generous feeling with which that term has become synonymous, is yet burning clear and bright within ten thousand bosoms, not one of which ever throbbed at the recollections of the word itself inspires in "gentil-heartes," or could tell the difference between Or and Gules, or Vert and Sable, as the following narration of a combat between two "churles," or "villains," as the herald would term my worthies, will, I trust, go high to prove.

It was the first night at Donard, a small village in the very heart of the mountains of Wicklow, when at the turn of a corner leading out of the Dunlavin road, towards the middle of the fair, two ancient foemen abruptly encountered. They eyed one another for a moment without moving a step, when the youngest, a huge six-foot mountaineer, in a long top-coat, having his shirt open from breast to ear, displaying, on the least movement, a brawny chest, that was hairy enough for a trunk, growing rather impatient, said in a quick under-tone, that a listener would have set down for the extreme of politeness,

"You'll lave the wall, Johnny Evans?"

To which civil request came reply, in a tone equally bland,

"Not at your biddin', if you stand there till till next fair day, Mat. Dolan."

"You know well I could fling you neck and heels, into that gutter, in one minute, Johnny, mo bouchil."

"You might, indeed, if you call up twenty of the Dunlavin faction at your back," coolly replied Evans.

"I mane, here's the two empty hands could do all that, and never ax help, 'ather,'" retorted Dolan, thrusting forth two huge paws from under his coat.

"In the name o'heaven, thin, thry it," said Evans, flinging the alpeen* he had up to this time been balancing curiously, over the roof of the cottage by which they stood; adding, here's a pair of fists, with as little in them as your own!"

"It's aisy to brag by your own barn, Johnny Evans," said Dolan, pointing with a sneer to the police guard-house, on the opposite side of the way, a hundred yards lower down; "the peelers would not be likely to look on, and see a black orangeman, like yourself, quilted in his own town, under their noses, by one Mat. Dolan, from Dunlavin, all the way!"

"There's raison in that, any way, Matty," replied John, glancing in the direction indicated.

"It's not likely thim that's paid by government

to keep the peace, would stand by and see it broke, by papist or protestant: but I'll make a bargain wid you; if your blood's over hot for your skin, which I think, to say the truth it has long been—come off at once to Hell-kettle wid me, and in the light of this blessed moon, I'll fight it out wid you, toe to toe; and we'll both be the aiser after, which ever's bate."

"There's my hand to that, at a word, Johnny," cried Dolan, suiting the action to the word—and the hands of the foes clasped freely and frankly together.

"But are we to be only ourselves, do ye mane?" inquired Matthew.

"And enuff, too," answered Evans; "we couldnt pick a friend out of any tint above, without raisin a hulabaloo the divil wou'dnt quiet without blows. Here, now, I'll give you the wall, only you jump the hedge into Charles Fawcett's meadow, and cut across the hill, by Holy-well, into the road, where you'll meet me; divil a soul else will you meet that way to-night; and I want to call at home for the tools."

"Keep the wall," cried Dolan, as Evans stepped aside, springing himself at the same time into the road, ankle-deep in mud; I'll wait for you at the bridge, on the Holy-wood glin road. Good bye."

A moment after, Dolan had cleared the hedge leading out of the land into Mr. Fawcett's paddock, and Evans was quietly plodding his way homeward. To reach his cottage, he had to run the gauntlet through the very throng of the fair, amidst the crowded tents, whence resounded the ill-according sounds of the bagpipe and fiddle, and the loud whool! of the jig-dancers, as they beat with active feet the temporary floor, that rattled with their tread. Johnny made short greetings with those of his friends he encountered, and on entering his house, plucked a couple of black, business-like looking sticks from the chimney, hefted them carefully, and measured them together with an eye as strict as ever gallant paired rapier with, till satisfied of their equality, he put his top-coat over his shoulders, and departing by the back door, rapidly cleared two or three small gardens, and made at once for the fields. As Dolan dropped from the high bank into the lane near the bridge on one side, Evans leaped the gate opposite.

"You've lost no time, fegs," observed Matthew, as they drew together, shoulder to shoulder, stalking rapidly on.

"I'd bin vexed to keep you waitin' this time, any how," replied Johnny—and few other words passed.

Just beyond the bridge, they left the road together, and mounting the course of the little stream, in a few minutes were shut out from the possibility of observance in a wild narrow glee, at whose head was a water-fall of some eighteen feet. The pool which received this little cascade was exceeding deep, and having but one narrow outlet, between the huge stones, the pent waters were forced round and round, boiling and chafing for release; and hence the not unpoetic name of Hell-kettle, given to this spot. The ground immediately about it was wild, bare

* Little stick.

and stony, and in no way derogated from this fearful title.

Near the fall is a little plafond or level of some twenty yards square, the place designated by Evans for the battle-ground. Arrived here, the parties halted; and as Dolan stooped to raise a little of the pure stream in his hand to his lips, Evans cast his coats and vest on the gray stone, close by, and pulling his shirt over his head, stood armed for the fight, not so heavy or so tall a man as his antagonist Dolan, but wiry as a terrier, and having, in agility and training, advantages that more than balanced the difference of weight and age.

"I've been thinkin, Johnny Evans," cried Dolan, as he leisurely stripped in turn, "we must have two thrys after all, to show who's the best man; you've got your alpeens wid you, I see, and I'm not the boy to say no to them, but I expect you'll ha' the best ind o' the stick, for its well known, there's not your match in Wicklow if there is in Wexford itself."

"That day's past, Matty Dolan," replied Evans. "It's five years since you and me first had words, at the Pattern o' the Seven-churches, and that was the last stroke I struck with a stick. There's eight years betune ourages, and you're the heavier man by two stone or near it, what more 'ud yez have, man alive?"

"Oh, never fear me, John, we'll never split about trifles," quietly replied Dolan; "but, see here, let's dress one another, as they do potatoes, both ways. Stand fairly up to me, for half a dozen rounds, fist to fist, and I'll bould the alpeen till you're tired, after id."

"Why look you here Matty, you worked over long on George's Quay, and were over friendly with the great boxer, Mister Donalan, for me to be able for yez wid the fists," cried Evans. "But we'll split the difference; I'll give you a quarter of an hour out o' me wid the fists, and you'll give me the same time, if I'm able, with the alpeen after; and we'll toss head or harp, which comes first."

Evans turned a copper flat on the back of his hand, as he ended his proposal, and in the same moment Dolan cried,

"Harp for ever."

"Harp it is," echoed Evans, holding the coin up in the moon's ray, which shone out but fitfully, as dark clouds kept slowly passing over her cold face.

In the next moment they were toe to toe, in the centre of the little plain, both looking determined and confident; though an amateur would have at once decided in favor of Dolan's pose.

To describe the fight scientifically would be too long an affair; suffice it, that although Johnny's agility gave him the best of a couple of severe falls, yet his antagonist's straight hitting and superior weight left him the thing hollow: till five quick rounds left Evans deaf to time and tune, and as sick as though he had swallowed a glass of antimonial wine instead of potatoes.

Dolan carried his senseless foe to the pool and dashed water over him by the hatfull.

"Look at my watch," was Johnny's first word, on gaining breath.

"I can't tell the time by watch," cried Dolan, a little sheepish.

"Give it here, man," cried Johnny, adding, as he rubbed his left eye, the other being fast closed, "by the Boyne, this is the longest quarter of an hour I ever knew—it wants three minutes yet," and as he spoke again he rose up before his man.

"Sit still, Johnny," exclaimed Matthew; "I'll forgive you the three minutes, any how."

"Well, thank ye for that," said Johnny; "I wish I may be able to return the compliment presently; but, by St. Donagh, I've mighty little conceit left in myself, just now."

Within five minutes, armed with the well-seasoned twigs Johnny had brought with him, those honest fellows again stood front to front, and although Evans had lost much of the elasticity of carriage, which had ever been his characteristic when the alpeen was in his hand and the shamrock under his foot, in times past; although his left eye was closed, and the whole of that side of his physiognomy was swollen and disfigured through the mauling he had received at the hands of Dolan, who opposed him, to all appearance, fresh as the first, yet was his confidence in himself unshaken, and in the twinkling of his right eye, a close observer might have read a sure anticipation of the victory a contest of five minutes gave to him, for it was full that time before Johnny struck a good-will blow, and when it took effect, a second was uncalled for. The point of the stick had caught Dolan fairly on the right temple, and laying open the whole of the face down to the chin, as if done by a sabre stroke, felling him senseless.

After some attempts at recalling his antagonist to perception by the brook-side without success, Evans began to feel a little alarmed for his life, and hoisting him on his back, retraced his steps to the village, without ever halting by the way, and bore his insensible burthen into the first house he came to, where, as the devil would have it, a sister of Dolan's was sitting, having a goster with the owner, one widow Donovan, over a "rakin-pot o' tay."

"God save all here," said Johnny, crossing the floor without ceremony, and depositing Mat on the widow's bed, "Wid'y, by your lave, let Mat Dolan lie quiet here a bit, till I run down town for the doctor."

"Dolan!" screamed the sister and the widow, in a breath, "Mat, is it Mat Dolan! that's lying a corse here, and I his own sister, not to know he was in trouble?"

Loud and long were the lamentations that followed this unlucky discovery. The sister rushed frantically out into the middle of the road, screaming and calling on the friends of Dolan, to revenge his murder on Evans and the orange-men that had decoyed and slain him. The words passed from lip to lip, soon reaching down to the heart of the fair, where most of the parties were about this time corn'd for any thing.

"Johnny Evans," cried the widow Donovan, as he made in few words the story known to her, "true or not true, this is no place for you now, the whole of his faction will be up here in a minute, and you'll be killed like a dog on

the flare; out wid you, and down to the guard-house while the coast's clear."

"I'd best, maybe," cried Evans; "and I'll send the doctor up the quicker—but mind, widow, if that boy ever spakes, he'll say a fairer fight was never faught—get that out of him, for the love o' heaven, Mrs. Donovan."

"He hasn't a word in him, I fear," cried the widow, as Johnny left the door, and with the readiness of her sex, assisted by one or two elderly gossips, who were by this time called in, she bathed the wound with spirits, and used every device which much experience in cracked crowns, acquired during the lifetime of Willy Donovan, her departed lord, suggested to her. Meantime Evans, whilst making his way down through the village, had been met, and recognized by the half frantic sister of Dolan and her infuriated friends, who had been all for some time puzzled at the absence of him who was proverbial as

"Best foot on the flare,
First stick in the fight."

"There's the murderer of Mat Dolan, boys," cried the woman, as some ten or twelve yards off she recognized Johnny, who was conspicuous enough, wearing his shirt like a herald's tabard, as in his haste he had drawn it on at Hell-kettle. With a yell that might have scared the devil, thirty athletic fellows sprang forward at full speed after Evans, who wisely never stayed to remonstrate, but made one pair of heels serve, where the hands of Briareus, had he possessed as many, would not have availed him. He arrived at Mrs. Donovan's door before his pursuers; he raised the latch, but it gave no way, the bar was drawn within, and had his strength been equal to it, further flight was become impracticable—turning with his back to the door, there stood Johnny like a lion at bay, uttering no word, since he well knew that words would not prevail against the fury of his foes. Forward with wild cries and loud imprecations rushed the foremost of the pursuers, and Evan's life was not worth one moment's purchase; a dozen sticks already clattered like hail upon his guard, and on the wall over his head, when the door suddenly opening inwards, back tumbled Johnny, and into the space he thus left vacant stepped a gaunt figure, naked to the waist, pale and marked with a stream of blood yet flowing from the temple. With wild cries the mob pressed back.

"It's a ghost! it's Dolan's ghost?" shouted twenty voices, above all of which was heard that of the presumed spirit, crying in good Irish, "That's a lie, boys, it's Mat Dolan himself! able and willing to make a ghost of the first man that lifts a hand agin Johnny Evans; who bate me at Hell-kettle like a man, and brought me here after, on his back, like a brother."

"Was it a true fight, Mat?" demanded one or two of the foremost, recovering confidence enough to approach Dolan, who, faint from the exertion he had made, was now resting his head against the door-post.

"A pause and the silence of death followed. The brows of the men began to darken, as they drew close to Dolan. Evans saw his life depend-

ed on the reply of his antagonist, who already seemed lapsed into insensibility.

"Answer, Mat Dolan?" he cried impressively, "for the love o' heaven, answer me—was it a true fight?"

The voice appeared to rouse the fainting man. He raised himself in the door-way, and stretched his right hand towards Evans, exclaiming,

"True as the cross, by the blessed virgin!" and as he spoke, fell back into the arms of his friends.

Evans was now safe. Half a dozen of the soberest of the party escorted him down to the police station, where they knew he would be secure; and Dolan's friends, bearing him with them on a car, departed, without attempting any riot or retaliation.

This chance took place sixteen years ago; but since that day, there never was a fair at Dunlavin that the orangeman Evans was not the guest of Dolan; nor is there a fair-night at Donard that Mat Dolan does not pass under the humble roof of Johnny Evans. I give the tale as it occurred, having always looked upon it as an event creditable to the parties, both of whom are alive and well, or were a year ago; for it is little more since Evans, now nigh sixty years old, walked me off my legs on a day's grouching over Church-mountain, and through Oram's-hole, carrying my kit into the bargain. Adieu. It will be a long day ere I forget the pool of "Hell-kettle," or the angels in whose company I first stood by its bubbling brim.

We have Lived and Loved Together.

We have lived and loved together

Through many changing years;
We have shared each other's gladness,
And wept each other's tears.

I have never known a sorrow
That was long unsoothed by thee;
For thy smile can make a summer,
Where darkness else would be.

Like the leaves that fall around us,
In autumn's fading hours,
And the traitor smiles that darken
When the cloud of sorrow lowers;
And, though many such we've known, love,
Too prone, alas! to range,
We both can speak of one, love,
Whom time could never change.

We have lived and loved together
Through many changing years;
We have shared each other's gladness,
And wept each other's tears;
And let us hope the future
As the past hath been will be;
I will share with thee thy sorrows,
And thou thy smiles with me.

WOMAN.—As the dew lies longest and produces most fertility in the shade, so woman in the shade of domestic retirement sheds around her path richer and more permanent blessings than man, who is more exposed to the glare and observation of public life.—Thus the humble and retired often do more valuable benefits to society than the noisy and bustling aristocrats of earth, whose very light of unconcealed enjoyment deteriorates and parches up the moral soil it flows over.

THE MISERIES OF A NEW MEMBER OF THE YACHT CLUB.

Somebody has somewhere very sensibly remarked "that men are never ridiculous for not possessing any particular accomplishment. It is the endeavour to seem that which they are not, which justly exposes them to ridicule."

No man ever learnt from experience the truth of this axiom more thoroughly than myself; and I am about to expose my own weakness, and the miseries that resulted from them for the benefit of mankind.

My father was a respectable professional gentleman, who resided in an inland county, and being a younger son, my allowance was small, and my expectations were not very great. It so happened, however, that I was fortunate enough to win the affections of a young lady of very large property; and after all the usual impediments offered by the relatives of a rich young lady who has set her heart upon marrying a poor young gentleman had been surmounted or set at defiance, (for she was of age and under no control,) we were married by one of my brothers at the church of my native parish, and after an elegant dejeuner à la fourchette, we set off in a travelling carriage and four to spend our honeymoon at Brighton.

My young wife had been educated at a fashionable boarding-school near the metropolis, and she had acquired notions of fashions and style that were perfectly astonishing to her less sophisticated husband.

I can't imagine what made her first think of marrying me; I had led so quiet a life in my somewhat retired country town in the inland county before alluded to, that her accomplishments and fascinations dazzled and bewildered me, and had she not smiled in a most encouraging manner, I never should have thought of popping the question. I believe she thought, and still thinks me remarkably good looking, and ladies being the best judges on such subjects, I am by no means inclined to affirm that she is mistaken.

When the residents of an inland county first look upon "the sea, the sea, the open sea," the event becomes an era in their existence. Never shall I forget the day of our arrival in Brighton; the vast deep lay before us, exceedingly blue, radiant with gunbeams, and so calm, that the pretty little pleasure-boats seemed to slumber on its bosom.

We drove to "*The Ship*," none of your York and Brunswick hotels for us; such places may be found in inland towns, and we were determined that, for the time being, we would be exclusively maritime. We therefore took a house on the Marine Parade, walked before breakfast on the chain-pier, and, neglecting our own carriage and horses, we took daily drives in a fly, except "*The Mermaid*."

Said Mrs. Cockle to me one morning—(I forget whether I have already informed the reader that my name is Cockle) said Mrs. Cockle to me—"my dear, I am quite delighted with the sea, let us take a marine mansion."

"With all my heart," said I.

"And," added my fair bride, "as our wealth will enable us to move in the first circles of fashion, you must become a member of the Royal

Yacht Club. There is nothing so stylish as a yacht; the club is entirely composed of noblemen and members of Parliament, and Cockle, my love, you must become a member.

When a wife, who has enriched a husband, proposes agreeable ways of spending her own money, where is the man who could refuse her? I had never yet put my foot in a boat, and therefore could not flatter myself that I was quite fit to undertake the management of a large vessel. But, thought I, "the sea looks a mighty agreeable, sunshiny place, and the motion of a ship must be quite a lullaby to the nerves—as to the names of the ropes and those things, I shall soon learn them; and by the end of the season, I shall be as good and practical a naval commander as any in the club." At the wane of our honeymoon we left Brighton, proceeded to Portsmouth, embarked in a steam-vessel, and were soon landed at West Cowes, the headquarters of the association of amateur nautical noblemen and gentlemen. Mrs. Cockle has a cousin, a Mr. Lorimer Lomax, an exquisite of a certain age, who is well known "about town," and piques himself on his dress and personal appearance. He is always to be found at the haunts of fashionable persons, at Melton, at Newmarket, at Brighton during the court season, in London during the spring months; and now it fortunately happened that he was residing at Cowes, and living constantly with the leading members of the club.

He was charmed to hear of my seafaring propensities, readily offered to introduce me to the commodore, and declared that a very excellent first-rate yacht was to be sold, the property of a young gentleman, who had found it convenient to sell off, and retire for a time to the continent.

My arrangements were soon made; I became master and commander of the cutter "*Waterwagtail*," of 100 tons burden, and also of her crew, and I made my appearance on the parade in a straw hat, a blue check shirt, large rough blue trowsers, and a sailor's jacket ornamented with the button of the club.

I confess I felt rather like a mountebank, but my dear wife admired me, and indeed kept me in countenance, for she too had cloth trowsers, and upon her head a very unladylike cap.

When I enter on a new pursuit, I like to be given time to settle down calmly and gradually into the habits to which I have been hitherto unaccustomed; as a new member of the yacht club I should have preferred being left to myself, to feel my way as it were, and like a cat on a wet floor, to put out one paw, and then the other, ere I too rashly ventured from dry land. I should have liked to have remained at anchor for the first month or so, and indeed had it been possible to draw up the "*Waterwagtail*" high and dry upon the beach, I should have infinitely preferred that arrangement, and should thus have got accustomed to the smell of pitch, before I was called upon to encounter the motion of the vessel.

But friends are always injudicious; and I had now unfortunately *embarked* at an inauspicious moment! The whole squadron was on the eve of departure to Cherbourg, and I was congratulated on having joined them when an opportuni-

ty offered for at once enjoying a delightful voyage, visiting a French port, and looking at a French king and all the royal family.

I confess that a little qualm came over me as I listened to the enumeration of these promised joys; but my wife was in an ecstasy, and her cousin, Mr. Lorimer Lomax, kindly offered to accompany us. The next morning we were to put to sea; we were therefore in no small bustle making preparations, and laying in stores for our first voyage.

"The dawn was overcast, the morning lowered," and when I looked out of my window, and saw the clouds, and heard the wind whistle, I at once decided that there would be no embarkation that day. But I was no longer my own master. Every body but myself seemed to exult in the fairness of the wind; to me it sounded very foul, and when I looked at the sea, and saw a quantity of what us landmen call "*white horses*," I felt as if something had disagreed with me, and said in a supplicating tone to a "*brother sailor*," who stood near me, "Of course, we shall not sail to-day?" "Not sail!" he replied "to be sure we shall, this is just the breeze we wanted."

It was too late to retreat; I believe I had got some orders from the commodore about the time and order of sailing, and the exact place allotted to the "*Waterwagtail*;" but of all this I knew nothing, my people on board had the management of my vessel, and now came my time for going on board, with my wife and her cousin.

It now really blew hard, I do not mean in my estimation alone, for it had done that all the morning; but all people about me cast ominous looks at the skies, and seemed to my nervously excited imagination to consider us doomed creatures. When we got to the steps in front of the club-house, we found the little boat which was to convey us to our "*Waterwagtail*," tossing about like a mad thing, now up, now down, and the water splashing over her. "It is a tempting of Providence to thing of getting into her," said I; and my wife clinging to my arm, said "Had we not better go back?" But Lorimer Lomax, though no sailor himself seemed desperately bent on destruction to himself and us, and almost unconsciously he and my boatmen hurried us into the danger, and enveloped us in cloaks.

The boatmen seized their oars and away we went, rolling and tossing in a terrible manner, the shore receded, and the happy people walking on the immovable parade grew less and less, and I now longed to tread the deck of my newly-purchased yacht, thinking that, of two evils, the big ship would be better than the diminutive punt.

We now got into fearfully rough water; a strong current of the tide, which, I believe, met the wind, and caused commotion; I am not sure about this, but I think I heard somebody say so; but whatever might be the causes, I am sure that I can answer for the effects. My wife screamed, and leant upon me; and Lorimer Lomax pinched my arm black and blue. "Luff! luff!" said the man who steered the boat, and thinking that he looked at me, and that very probably our safety depended on my instantly doing something that he desired, I almost

shouted in reply—"In the name of heaven what do you mean by luff? Mary, my dear, luff, if you please; Lomax, pray luff, if you happen to know how." The steersman (I think you call him) gave a grim smile, and addressing my wife, said, "Trim the boat, if you please, Ma'am."

"Mary," said I, "the man speaks to you."

"What, sir?" cried Mrs. Cockle.

"Trim the boat," said the man.

"Mercy on us," I cried, "he talks as if he were desiring her to trim a bonnet!"

"Sit there!" said the sailor.

And thankful that at last he spoke intelligibly, without saying a word, I took my wife by the shoulders, and placed her in the identical spot to which he had pointed. We were now nearing the "*Waterwagtail*," and the sailor said, "There's your yacht, your Honour, they'll soon bear down upon us."

"Down upon us!" cried I looking at the great black body that came nearer and nearer every moment; "Oh, how shocking! to be run over by one's own *Waterwagtail*!"

We were now tossed about worse than ever. A rope was thrown to us, which hit me in the right eye, the boat bumped against the side of the yacht, and Lomax lay prostrate on the flat of his back. My wife fainted, and was borne up in a state of insensibility, and I followed, holding two slippery ropes, and with difficulty keeping my feet upon what, I believe, they called the accommodation-ladder. A pretty accommodation, indeed!

I stood upon my own deck, I leant against my own mast, and my own sailors pushed me about, and seemed to consider me in the way. I felt as if an illness was coming over me—my legs lost all strength—cold drops stood upon my forehead—I sank upon a seat—my head dangled over the side of the vessel—I was sea-sick!

All fears left me, and with them all natural affections. I cared not three straws about my inestimable wife,—I heeded not her cousin, who was my guest and fellow-sufferer,—I gave no orders,—I knew nothing that was going on. I was conscious, the weather was getting worse; but I was getting worse and worse myself, and what is the weather to a dying man?

I knew nothing about the commodore,—I knew nothing about the squadron. All night I lay on my berth in the cabin, opposite to my wife, who also lay upon hers; and our beds being on something like shelves let into the wall, and we being pale and motionless, I thought we resembled bodies in a mausoleum.

One lamp, suspended from the ceiling, cast on us a melancholy light. Oh, how it swung to and fro! and the chairs, how they tumbled about! and the horrid clamour that I heard of shouting men, and flapping sails, and creaking masts, and howling winds, and rushing waters. I speak nothing but the truth, when I declare that I expected every minute that we should go to the bottom.

One of my men came down to us occasionally, and gave me brandy, which I passively swallowed, and then gave brandy to Mrs. Cockle. I had just sense enough left to observe that she drank it passively too.

Once I ventured to whisper, "Is there any hope? I trust we're near land."

"Near land!" he replied. "No, no; we must keep clear of land. Land is the worst place we could see, such a night as this."

How people may be mistaken! Land was what I had been longing for.

"Could we not go ashore?" said I.

"Aye; if we don't keep a good look-out we shall go ashore," he answered.

"Well?" said I.

"And in ten minutes the vessel would go to pieces, and every soul on board would perish."

My wife groaned, and so did I, and I heard an echoing groan from Lorimer Lomax, whose body had been laid out in a sort of closet which served many purposes, and, being lined with plate glass, among others, as a place to dress in.

Little need had we now of dress. Day dawned, but still the storm roared on; and the vessel pitched so much, that, had my sickness permitted me to rise from my bed, I should have found it impossible to stand or walk.

Of Lorimer Lomax I heard nothing but the oft-repeated groan. He was a bachelor of sixty, and ever anxious to appear to the best advantage. He always "made himself up," as the phrase goes, and was the very worst subject in the world for a sea voyage like the present.—The chances were, that his outward man would be entirely washed away, and that, when we did meet, I should not recognise him.

But I thought not of this; I thought of nothing but impending destruction. Again came the horrid night, with the swinging lamp, and the din of many noises, and another day passed, and another; and at length, feeling the improbability of her having survived so long, I sometimes spoke faintly to my wife, that I might, from her answering or remaining silent, judge whether she was alive or dead.

One morning I heard guns firing, and people huzzing, and was informed that, the weather having abated, we had ventured nearer the French coast, and that we were now off Cherbourg. My mate was a communicative person, and he told me all that was going on. We had arrived too late for great part of the festivities, a sort of awkward squad to the squadron. But the sailor told me, with great glee, that we were at that moment going through evolutions for the amusement of the great people on shore, where I was invited, with the other members of the R. Y. C., to dine with French royalty.

"Dine!" said I, shaking my head convulsively, as a sick person always does when you talk to him of dainties. However, I rose, for the first time, from my bed, and reeled across the cabin to kiss the extended hand of my still surviving Mary.

Dining on shore was entirely out of the question; but as we shortly got into smooth water, we both refreshed ourselves with a change of dress, and sent to beg Lomax would join us at dinner.

After a long pause he tottered forth from his plate-glass dormitory; and it was evident, from his appearance, that he had been for some time employed repairing "the ravages of time" mis-spent on board a vessel in a storm.

No painter can command a steady hand in a rough sea, and poor Lorimer's had evidently shaken sadly. His wig was awry, one whisker was darker than its fellow, and his artificial eyebrows were carefully pencilled a quarter of an inch above his real ones. His dress, too, lacked his usual taste and finish; and the Lorimer Lomax on whom I now gazed, might have passed for the grandfather of the beau who embarked with us at Cowes.

Our dinner was a brief repast. We were soon obliged to betake ourselves again to our beds; and there we lay, kept wide awake by the guns fired in honour of the gay party enjoying themselves on shore.

The next morning we were all considerably better, and ordered the sailors to row us to the shore. The king and royal family had just left Cherbourg; the members of the Yacht Club had all gone on board their vessels, and were preparing to set sail for the Isle of Wight.

We saw in fact, nothing but a French town, involved in that extreme state of dullness which invariably follows a period of unusual gayety and excitement.

I told my captain and crew to make the best of their way to the Isle of Wight in the "Water-wagtail," on board which never will I again set foot; and Monsieur and Madame Cockle, with Monsieur Lorimer Lomax, were soon reckoned among the "departures" from Cherbourg, having hired a carriage to take them to Calais, from which place they steamed safely to Dover in three hours and a half.

A party of pleasure is proverbially a painful undertaking; but its annoyances are generally petty ones,—an *ad fresco* dejeuner under an umbrella, or a July day passed with five or six people in a closed landau, with the windows up.

Such dilemmas are farcical; but my party of pleasure was very nearly ending in a tragedy; for I have been given to understand by *real* sailors, that a storm so sudden and so severe has been of rare occurrence at such a season.

I now print my miseries as a warning to all uninitiated *fresh-men*, whose minds are bent on salt-water excursions. Let them dabble about within the Isle of Wight as long as they please; but if then pass the Needles—my mind (ay, and my body) sickens at the dangers that await them. 'Tis rash for children to play with edge-tools; but it is ten times more rash for a landman, like myself, to try to make a plaything of a vessel in a gale of wind. T. H. B.

MISERRIMUS was a pious clergyman named Morris, who for non-conformity, was deprived of his benefice soon after the accession of William III. He was therefore a "sufferer for conscience-sake," not a person of flagitious conduct. He was destitute, to the end of a long life, of all means of support, except what were supplied by the charity of the Jacobites, and it was in compliance with his own request, but in allusion to this misery, that the sole word "Miserrimus," was inscribed on his grave-stone.

An accomplished woman, in common parlance, means one who sings and dances well, knows a little French, a little Italian, a little drawing, a little embroidery, and not much of any thing, excepting fashionable novels; in which she is a great adept.

THE ADVENTUROUS BOY.

While the fleet lay at anchor, one of the most heart-thrilling scenes occurred on board the Commodore's vessel, that my eyes ever witnessed. In addition to the usual appendages of a ship of war, there was a large and mischievous monkey on board, named Jocko, retained for the amusement and diversion of the ship's company. It was my watch on deck; and having retired to the side of the vessel, I was musing on the beautiful appearance of the fleet, when a loud and merry laugh burst upon my ear.

On turning to ascertain the cause of such an unusual sound on the frigate's deck, I perceived the Commodore's little son, whom the crew nicknamed "little Bob Stay," standing half way up the main hatch-ladder, clapping his hands, and looking aloft upon some object that inspired him with a deal of glee. A single glance explained the occasion of the merriment. As Bob was coming up from the gun deck, Jocko, the monkey, perceiving him on the ladder, and dropping suddenly from the rigging, leaped upon his shoulder, seized his cap, and running up the main-top-sail-sheet, seated himself on the main-yard.

Here he sat picking the tassel of his prize to pieces, occasionally scratching his sides, and chattering as if in exultation for the success of his mischief. Bob being a sprightly, active fellow, did not like to lose his cap without an effort to regain it. Perhaps he was the more strongly incited to make the chase after Jocko, from observing me smile at his plight, and hearing the loud laugh of Cato, a black man, who seemed inexpressibly delighted at the occurrence.

"Ha, you rascal, Jocko," said the black man, "hab you no respect for de young officer, den to steal his cap? We bring you to de gang-way, you black nigger, and gib you a dozen on de bare back, for a tief." The monkey looked down from his perch, as if he understood the threat of the negro, and chattered a sort of defiance in answer. "Ha, ha, Massa Bob, he say you mus' ketch him, 'fore you flog him; and 'tis no easy matter for midshipman in boots to ketch a monkey barefoot."

The cheeks of little Bob looked red, as he cast a glance of offended pride at Cato; and, springing across the deck, in a moment he was half way up the rigging. The monkey quietly watched his motions, and, when nearly up, suddenly put the cap on his own head, and ascended to the top cross-trees, and quietly seating himself, resumed his work of picking the tassel.

In this manner, the mischievous animal succeeded in enticing Bob as high as the royal-mast-head, when suddenly springing on the rigging, he again descended to the fore-top, and running out on the fore-yard, hung the cap on the end of the studding-sail-boom, where, taking his seat, he raised a loud and exulting chattering. By this time Bob was completely exhausted; and not liking to return to the deck to be laughed at, he sat down on the cross-trees.

The spectators, presuming that the boy would not follow the monkey, but descend to the deck, paid no further attention to them. I also had turned away, and had been engaged some minutes, when I was suddenly started by a cry

from Cato, exclaiming that "Massa Bob was in the main-truck!" A cold shudder ran through my veins, as the word reached my ears; I cast my eyes up—it was too true.

The adventurous boy, after having rested a little, had climbed the sky-sail pole, and the moment of my looking up, was actually standing on that circular piece of wood, on the very summit of the loftiest mast, at a height so great that my brain turned dizzy as I looked up at him. There was nothing above him, or around him, but empty space; and beneath him nothing but a small unstable wheel.

Dreadful temerity! If he had attempted to stoop, what could he take hold of to steady his motion! His feet covered up the small and fearful platform on which he stood; and beneath that, a long smooth pole that seemed to bend beneath his weight, was all that upheld him from destruction. In endeavouring to get down, he would inevitably lose his balance, and be precipitated to the deck, a crushed and shapeless mass.

In this terrible exigency, what was to be done? To hail him, and inform him of his danger, it was thought, would ensure his ruin. Every moment I expected to see the dreadful catastrophe. I could not bear to look at him; and yet could not withdraw my gaze. A film came over my eyes, and a faintness over my heart. By this time the deck was covered with officers and crew, to witness this appalling, this heart-rending spectacle. All seemed mute. Every feeling, every faculty, seemed absorbed in one deep, intense emotion of agony.

At this moment, a stir was made among the crew about the gangway, when the Commodore, the boy's father, made his appearance. He had come on board without being noticed by a single eye. The Commodore asked not a question, uttered not a syllable. He was an austere man; and it was thought by some that he had not a very strong affection for his son. All eyes were now fixed on him, endeavoring to read his emotion in his countenance.

The scrutiny, however, was vain—his eyes retained its severe expression; his brow the slight frown it usually wore; and his lip its haughty curl. In short, no outward sign indicated what was passing within. Immediately on reaching the deck, he ordered a marine to hand a musket; when, stepping aft, and leaping upon the look out block, he raised it to his shoulder, and took a deliberate aim at his son, at the same time hailing him with his trumpet, in a voice of thunder.

"Robert," cried he "jump! jump overboard! or I'll fire at you!" The boy seemed to hesitate, and it was plain that he was tottering; for his arms were thrown about like one endeavoring to balance himself. The Commodore raised his voice again, and in a quicker and more energetic tone, cried—"Jump! 'tis your only chance for life!" The words were scarcely out of his mouth, before he left the truck, and sprung out into the air. A sound between a shriek and a groan burst from many lips.

The father spoke not—sighed not; indeed, he seemed not to breathe. For a moment of intense agony, a pin might have been heard to

have dropped on the deck. With a rush like that of a cannon ball the body descended to the water; and before the waves closed over it, twenty stout fellows, among themselves officers, had dived from the bulwark. Another short period of suspense ensued. The body rose! he was alive! his arm was seen to move—he struck out towards the ship.

In spite of the discipline of a man-of-war, three buzzes, the outburst of unfeigned joy from the hearts of five hundred men, pealed through the air, and made the welkin ring. Till this moment, the old Commodore had stood unmoved. His face was now ashy pale. He attempted to descend from the block, but his knees bent under him; he seemed to gasp for breath, and attempted to tear open his vest; but in the attempt he staggered, and would have fallen, had he not been caught by the bystanders.

He was borne to his cabin, where the surgeon attended him, whose utmost skill was required to restore his mind to its usual equilibrium and self-command, in which he at last happily succeeded. As soon as he recovered from the dreadful shock, he sent for Bob, and had a long confidential conference with him; and it was noticed, when the little fellow left the cabin, he was in tears.

The German Tale of PETER KLAUS, the Goatherd, by the German writer Omar, contains the original outline of Rip Van Winkle, or the Legend of the Sleepy Hollow, and which the pen of Washington Irving has portrayed with additional charms. Whether Mr. Irving was acquainted with this tradition and adapted it for the ground-work of his tale of Van Winkle, we cannot determine, but the German author ought to have the credit of originating the idea.

In the village of Littendorf, at the foot of a mountain, lived Peter Klaus, a Goatherd, who was in the habit of pasturing his flock upon the Kyfhausen hills. Towards evening he generally let them browse upon a green plot not far off, surrounded with an old ruined wall, from which he could take a muster of his whole flock.

For some days past he had observed that one of his prettiest goats, soon after his arrival at this spot, usually disappeared, nor joined the fold again until late in the evening. He watched her again and again and at last found that she slipped through a gap in the old wall, whither he followed her. It led into a passage which widened as he went into a cavern; and here he saw the goats employed in picking up the oats that fell through some crevices in the place above. He looked up, shook his ears at this odd shower of corn, but could discover nothing. Where the device could it come from? At length he heard over head the neighing and stamping of horses; he listened, and concluded that the oats must have fallen through the manger when they were fed. The poor goatherd was really puzzled, what to think of these horses in this uninhabited part of the mountain; but so it was, for the green making his appearance, without saying a word beckoned him to follow him. Peter obeyed, and followed him up some steps which brought him into an open court-yard, surrounded by old walls. At the side of this was a still more spacious cavern, surrounded by rocky heights which only admitted a kind of twilight through the overhanging trees and shrubs. He went on, and came to a smooth shaven green, when he saw twelve ancient knights, none of whom spoke a word, engaged in playing at nine-pins. His guide now beckoned to Peter, in silence, to pick up the ninepins, and

went his way. Trembling in every joint, Peter did not venture to disobey; and at times he cast a stolen glance at the players, whose long beards and slashed doublets were not at all in the present fashion. By degrees his looks grew bolder; he took particular notice of every thing round him; among other things observing a tankard near him filled with wine, whose odor was excellent, he took a good draught. It seemed to inspire him with life; and when he began to feel tired of running, he applied with fresh ardor to the tankard, which always renewed his strength. But finally it quite overpowered him, and he fell asleep.

When he next opened his eyes he found himself on the grass-plot again, in the old spot where he was in the habit of feeding his goats. He rubbed his eyes, he looked round, but could see neither dog nor flock; he was surprised at the long rank grass that grew about him, and at trees and bushes which he had never before seen. He shook his head and walked a little further, looking at the old sheep path and the hillocks and roads where he used daily to drive his flock; but he could find no traces of them left. Yet he saw the village just before him; it was the same Littendorf, and scratching his head he hastened at a quick pace down the hill to inquire after his flock.

All the people whom he met going into the place were strangers to him, were differently dressed, and even spoke in a different style to his old neighbors.—When he asked about his goats, they only stared at him, and fixed their eyes upon his chin. He put his hand unconsciously to his mouth, and to his great surprise found that he had got a beard, at least a foot long. He now began to think that both he and all the world about him were in a dream; and yet he knew the mountain for that of the Kyfhausen (for he had just come down it) well enough. And there were the cottages with their gardens and grass-plots, much as he had left them. Besides, the lads, who had all collected round him, answered to the inquiry of a passenger, what place it was, "Littendorf, sir."

Still shaking his head, he went farther into the village to look for his own house. He found it, but greatly altered for the worse; a strange goatherd in an old tattered frock lay before the door, and near him his old dog, which growled and showed its teeth at Peter when he called him.

He went through the entrance which had once a door, but all within was empty and deserted; Peter staggered like a drunken man out of the house, and called for his wife and children by their names. But no one heard him, and no one gave him any answer.

Soon, however, a crowd of women and children got round the inquisitive stranger, with the long hoary beard; and asked him what it was he wanted?

Now Peter thought it was such a strange kind of thing, to stand before his own house, inquiring for his own wife and children, as well as about himself, that evading these inquiries, he pronounced the first name that came into his head; "Kurt Steffen, the blacksmith?" Most of the spectators were silent, and only looked at him wistfully, till an old woman at last said: "Why, for these twelve years he has been at Sachsenburg, whence I suppose you are not come to-day." "Where is Valentine Meier, the tailor?"—"The Lord rest his soul," cried another old woman, leaning upon her crutch, "he has been lying more than these fifteen years in a house he will never leave."

Peter recognized in the speakers, two of his young neighbors, who seemed to have grown old very suddenly, but he had no inclination to inquire any further.

At this moment there appeared, making her way through the crowd of spectators, a sprightly young woman with a year old baby in her arms, and a girl about four, taking hold of her hand, all three as like his wife he was seeking for as possible. "What are

your names?" he inquired in a tone of great surprise. "Mine is Maria." "And your father's?" continued Peter. "God rest his soul! Peter Klaus will be sure. It is now twenty years ago since we were all looking for him, day and night, upon the Kyff hausen; for his flock came home without him; and I was then," continued the woman, "only seven years old."

The goatherd could no longer bear this: "I am Peter Klaus," he said, "Peter and no other," and he took his daughter's child and kissed it. The spectators appeared struck dumb with astonishment; until first one, and then another began to say, "Yes, indeed, this is Peter Klaus! Welcome, good neighbor, after twenty years' absence, welcome home."

CHILDHOOD.

"Oh, give me still the memories
That hallow every scene,
Which stirred my bounding bosom,
When existence all was green!"

I LOVE children. I delight to listen to their innocent prattle, and to take part in their little amusements—to feel a community of interest with them, in their little enjoyments and recreations. There is nothing on earth so unaffected, so open, so frank as childhood. How the light laugh gurgles up from their young and unsophisticated hearts! They have not been out into the world—they have not yet learned to disguise their emotions—to dissemble—to smile, when their hearts are ranking with envy or hate, or to weep, when they secretly rejoice. They are as an open book, in which one may read all that they are—all that they feel.

There are not wanting those, who have an utter aversion to children—who well might hate them. For myself, I want little better evidence of a bad ungenerous heart—and prone as I am to think kindly of my species, I could almost say, "Let no such man be trusted." He can have small enjoyment in himself, and as certainly little calculated to contribute to the happiness of others, who cannot look with pure pleasure, upon the innocence, and ardor, and hilarity of youth. To me, the playful sports, the laughing countenances, the beaming eyes of children, unpractised, as yet, in the busy world upon which they are entering with such light hearts,—are a complete antidote against enmity, or depression of spirits.

I remember, that during a residence of one summer in the city many years ago—for gentle reader, I am declining into the vale of years—was, for a few of the first weeks, exceeding lonely. There is no solitude like the solitude which a stranger feels in a large and populous city. You meet thousands in the thronging streets, all passing on, intent upon their own amusements and avocations—and it is a thousand times more cheerless than to be in the still and solemn forests of the wilderness, or by the solitary shore of the "great and wide sea." You have there the communings of your own heart, and the almost visible presence of the Maker of the World. But in the city, your thoughts are confused,—their variety leaves you no time to reflect—and they weary you into the very depths of gloom.

One Saturday afternoon, when despondency sat heavy at my heart, I sallied out into the streets. It was the holiday from the thraldom of the schools—and their young inmates, neatly dressed, and happier than the king on his throne, were taking their pastime, and rambling with their parents, or elder brothers and sisters, about the streets. I was soon inoculated with their visible happiness, as I met them in my lonely walk. How many bright faces gleamed upon me! You look kindly upon a child, and how soon do they understand you! How their young eyes will beam upon you, and how they will turn,—especially little girls—and look

at you, and blush, and smile—and pass on a kide, and turn, and smile, and blush and look again!

I know not how it is, but in gazing upon children, I am actually invested as with a spell.—Time and space are annihilated—I am carried back to the morning of life, and, for the moment, live over again the early days of the past.

Before I had reached my room again, I had all the familiar places of my childhood before me. It was, as if I had seized the hour glass of Time, inverted it, and rolled back again the sands which had marked the weary lapses of years. I was again in the meadow—in the field—about the fire-side hearth. My departed father's voice was again in my dreaming ear—my mother's hand was upon my young head. Again I saw my paper kite, in the gentle south wind, cleaving the upper air—and I gazed upon the same ample sky which spread o'er my boyhood—

"And marked the passing clouds that dimmed its blue,
Like my own sorrows then, as fleeting and as few!"

It is my earnest prayer, that as I glide slowly down the declivity of years, it will please God to preserve in me that freshness of feeling, which enables me to look upon childhood and youth, with such purity of enjoyment. It beguiles life of its somber spirit, and the weariness of the flesh.—and while it teaches us, that we are receding farther from the shore of youth, it reminds us, also, that we are approaching that other shore, where we shall renew an existence of immortal youth. Let all, then, cultivate and cherish these emotions. Let—

"The bright thoughts of early days
Still gather in our memories now
And not the later cares, whose trace
Is stamp'd so deeply on the brow:
What though these days return no more?
The sweet remembrance is not vain—
For heaven is waiting to restore
The childhood of the soul again!"

WASHINGTON.

No matter what may be the birth place of such a man as Washington, no climate can claim, no country can appropriate him—the boon of Providence to the human race—his fame is eternity, and his residence creation. In the production of Washington it does really appear as if Nature was endeavouring to improve upon herself, and that all the virtues of the ancient world were but so many studies preparatory to the new. Individual instances no doubt there were, splendid exemplifications, of some single qualification.—Cæsar was merciful—Scipio was mild—Hannibal was patient—but it was reserved for Washington to blend them all in one, and like the lovely *chef d'œuvre* of the Grecian artist, to exhibit in one glow of associated beauty, the pride of every model, and the perfection of every master. As a general, he marshalled the peasant into a veteran, and supplied by discipline the absence of experience. As a statesman, he enlarged the policy of the cabinet into the most comprehensive system of general advantage; and such was the wisdom of his views, and the philosophy of his councils, that to the soldier and statesman, he added the character of the sage. A conqueror, he was untainted with the crime of blood—a revolutionist, he was free from any stain of treason; for aggression commenced the contest, and his country called him to the command. Liberty unsheathed the sword—necessity stained—victory returned it. If he had paused, history might doubt what station to assign him; whether at the head of her citizens or soldiers—her heroes or her patriots. But the last glorious act crowned his career, and banishes hesitation. Who, like Washington, after having freed his country, resigned her crown and retired to a cottage, rather than reign in a capitol! Immortal man! He

teak from the bench in crime, and down she comes
is chains—he left the victorious the glory of his
feminine, and turned upon the vanquished only the re-
tribution of his mercy. Happy America: the lightnings
of Heaven could not resist your sage—the temptations
of earth could not corrupt your soldier.

OVER THE WAY.

"I sat over against a window where there stood a
spot with very pretty flowers; and I had my eyes fixed
on it, when on a sudden the window opened, and a
young lady appeared whose beauty struck me." (As-
ian Nights.

Alas! the fiancée of an unhappy lover
About my heart and on my vital prey:
I've caught a fever; that I can't get over,
Over the way!

Oh! why are eyes of hazel? nose Grecian?
I've lost my rest by night, my peace by day,
For the want of some brown Holland or Venetian,
Over the way!

I've gazed too often till my heart's as lost
As any needle in a stack of hay:
Crosses belong to love, and mine is crossed
Over the way!

I cannot read or write, or thoughts relax—
Of what avail Lord Akkorp or Earl Gary?
They cannot ease me of my window-tax
Over the way!

Even on Sunday my devotions vary,
And from St. Bonnet Fink they go astray
To dear St. Mary Overy—the Mary
Over the way!

Oh! if my grandmother were but a fairy,
With magic wand, how I would beg and pray
That she would change me into that canary
Over the way!

I envy every thing that's near Miss Lindo,
A pug, a poll, a squirrel, or a jay—
Best blue-bottles' that buzz about the window
Over the way!

Even at even, for there be no shutters,
I see her reading on, from grave to gayer,
Some tale or poem, till the candle gutters
Over the way!

And then—oh! then—while she clear waxen taper
Emits, two-stories high, a starlike ray,
I see twelve auburn curls put into paper
Over the way!

But how breathe unto her my soft regards,
Or ask her for a whispered eye or nay,
Or offer her my hand, some thirty yards
Over the way!

Cold as the pole she is to my adoring;—
Like Captain Lyonsat Repulse's Bay,
I meet an icy end to my exploring
Over the way!

Each dirty little Savoyard that dances
She looks on—Punch—or chimney-sweeps in May,
Sounds! wherefore cannot I attract her glances
Over the way?

Half out she leans to watch a tumbling brat,
Or yelping cur, run over by a dray;
But I'm in love—she never pities that!
Over the way!

I go to the same church—a love lost labor;
Haght all her walks, and dodge her at the play:
She does not seem to know she has a neighbor
Over the way!

As minute-shapen she never acts:
I've drawn out Summer and her fancy away;
She never visits gentlemen with tea.

Over the way!

The billets-doux by post she shows no favor—
In short, there is no plot that I can lay
To break my window-pains to my enslaver
Over the way!

I play the flute—she heeds not my chromatices—
No friend an introduction can purvey;
I wish a fire would break out in the attic
Over the way!

My wasted form ought of itself to touch her!
My baker feels my appetite's decay;
And as for the butcher's meat—oh! she's my butcher
Over the way!

At beef I turn; at lamb or veal I pout;
I never ring now to bring up the tray,
My stomach grumbles at my dining out
Over the way!

I'm weary of my life—without regret
I could resign this miserable clay
To lie within that box of mignonette
Over the way!

I've fitted bullets to my pistol-bore;
I've vowed at times to rush where trumpets brag,
Quite sick of number one—and number four
Over the way!

Sometimes my fancy would build up castles airy,
Sometimes it only paints a ferme ornée,
A horse—a cow—six jowls—a pig—and Mary
Over the way!

Sometimes I dream of her in bridal white,
Standing before the altar, like a fay;
Sometimes of balls, and neighborly invite
Over the way!

I've eod'd with her in dreams, like any turtle,
I've snatch'd her from the Clyde, the Tweed, and Tay;
Thrice I have made a grove of that one myrtle
Over the way!

Thrice I have rowed her in a fairy shallop,
Thrice raced to Greens in a neat "po-shay,"
And shower'd crowns to make the horses gallop
Over the way!

And thrice I've started up from dreams appalling,
Of killing rivals in a bloody fray—
There is a young man very fond of calling
Over the way!

Oh! happy man—above all Kings in glory,
Whoever in her ear may say his story,
And add a tale of love to that one story
Over the way!

Nabob of Arcot—Despot of Japan—
Sultan of Persia—Emperor of Cathay—
Much rather would I be the happy man
Over the way!

With each alet my heart would be in clover—
But what—O horror!—what do I survey!
Pestilence and white favours—all is over
Over the way!

T. HOOD.

Every man ought to endeavour at eminence,
not by pulling others down, but by raising him-
self, and enjoy the pleasure of his own superiori-
ty, whether imaginary or real, without inter-
rupting others in the same felicity.

TAKE HEED! WHISPER LOW!

THE CELEBRATED BARCAROLLE FROM MASANIELLO.

Be - hold how brightly breaks the morning,
A - way, no cloud is low'ring o'er us, Tho' bleak our lot
Then freely now

rf p *rf p*

This system consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 6/8 time signature. The middle staff is a piano accompaniment line in treble clef, and the bottom staff is a piano accompaniment line in bass clef. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

our hearts are warm;
we'll stem the wave: To, toll, insured, all danger
Hoist, hoist all sail while full be-

rf p *rf p*

This system consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 6/8 time signature. The middle staff is a piano accompaniment line in treble clef, and the bottom staff is a piano accompaniment line in bass clef. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

scorn - ing, We'll hail the breeze shines or brave the storm, Put
fore us, Hope's beacon to cheer the brave, Put

f p

This system consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 6/8 time signature. The middle staff is a piano accompaniment line in treble clef, and the bottom staff is a piano accompaniment line in bass clef. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

off, put off, our course we know; Look out and spread your
off, &c. Take heed, whisper low:

This system contains the first two staves of the musical score. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bottom staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The music is written in a style typical of early 20th-century sheet music, with many beamed eighth and sixteenth notes.

not with care; Take heed, whisper low. The prey we seek we'll

This system contains the next two staves of the musical score. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system, maintaining the same key signature and rhythmic patterns.

soon, we'll soon en - snare, The prey we seek we'll soon, we'll soon-en-snare.

This system contains the final two staves of the musical score. It concludes the piece with a final cadence. The key signature changes to one flat (Bb) in the final measures of the bottom staff.

TAKE HEED! WHISPER LOW!

THE CELEBRATED BARCAROLLE FROM MASANIELLO.

Be - hold how brightly breaks the morning, Tho' bleak our lot
A - way, no cloud is low'ring o'er us, Thsa freely now

rf p *rf p*

This system contains three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 6/8 time signature. The middle staff is a piano accompaniment in treble clef, and the bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef. Both piano parts feature a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes.

our hearts are warm; To, toil, insured, all danger
we'll stem the wave: Hoist, hoist all sail while full be-

rf p *rf p*

This system contains three staves, continuing the musical structure from the first system with vocal and piano parts.

scorn - ing, We'll hail the breeze shines or brave the storm. Put
fore us, Hope's beacon shines to cheer the brave, Put

f p

This system contains three staves, concluding the musical piece with vocal and piano parts.

off, put off, our course we know; Look out and spread your
off, &c. Take heed, whisper low:

This system contains the first two staves of music. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, including a triplet. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in treble and bass clefs, with a key signature of one sharp. It consists of chords and moving lines in both hands.

net with care; Take heed, whisper low. The prey we seek we'll

This system contains the next two staves of music. The vocal line continues the melody, with a sharp sign indicating a change in pitch. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines.

soon, we'll soon en - snare, The prey we seek we'll soon, we'll soon-en-snare.

This system contains the final two staves of music. The vocal line concludes with a sharp sign. The piano accompaniment ends with a final chord. There are dynamic markings like 'V' (crescendo) above the staves.

WIT AND SENTIMENT.

WHAT IS GLORY!

What is glory? Ask the *Printer*
 Laboring hard, both night and day;
Stew'd in Summer—*froz'n* in winter;
 He would tell you—*better pay*.
 Ask *delinquents*, What is glory?
 They'll reply, with scoffs and sneers,
 "Tis like *printers*—tell a story—
Promise pay for many years!

Short vs. Long.—Says Long to Short, "how are ye, Top?" "Top," repeated Short, "I had rather be as small as a Top, than long enough to require six hours to get asleep *all over*." "You had, ha? Well, I had rather be ten hours getting to sleep, than so short as to be obliged to mount a cabbage-leaf to hiccup."

BASS.—Our friend Bass recently had a severe touch of the rheumatism. Our anxiety for him, induced us to send our *devil* to inquire the state of his health. "My *form*," says he, "is *plaguily battered*, and if I don't get better soon, I shall have to be *lifted*."—*Boston Trav.*

AN INVITEE. VILLAGE.—It is told, as a well-known jest, that a beggar-woman, repulsed from door to door, as she solicited quarters through the village of Annandale, asked in her despair, if there were no Christians in the place. To which the hearers, concluding that she inquired for some persons so surnamed, answered, "Na, na, there are no Christians here; we are a Johnstones and Jardines."—*Notes to Guy Mannering*.

THE LAST PROMISE.—"You will, of course, immediately join the mess, Mr. —," said the adjutant to ensign — on the day of his arrival at the regiment. "You are very kind, sir," stammered out the incipient hero, "but the last promise which I made to my father was to avoid getting into any mess whatever."

"Please to give me some cold victuals," said a little girl with a basket on her arm, to a servant whom her ringing had summoned to the door. "What do you do with cold victuals, my little girl?" asked the servant as she put some meat and bread into the child's basket. "Father feeds his pigs with it," was the reply.

PUFFING.—John Kemble and Lewis chancing to be at Dublin at the same time, were both engaged by the manager for a night's performance in *Leon* and the *Copper Captain*. The announcement was coupled with the following delectable passage:

"They never performed together in the same piece, and in all *human probability* they never will again; this evening is the *summit* of the manager's *chimera*. He has constantly gone higher in his endeavors to delight the public; beyond this it is not in *nature* to go."

ORIGINAL ANECDOTE.—Several years since, a celebrated juggler "held forth" some of his tricks of leger-demain in this village; and among other—put a watch into a bag, "smashed it all to pieces" and by saying *presto*, restored the watch, uninjured, to its owner. A young lad who was present, thinking it a very pretty, as well as a very easy trick, took advantage of his father's absence the next day, placed his gold reocater in a pillow-case, and smashed it effectually. To his no small chagrin, in spite of *presto*, it "*staid smashed*."

CURIOUS LETTER.—A Quaker, who had sent his watch to one of the same belief three or four times to be repaired, but which was not at all benefited in the end, despatched the following characteristic epistle to the watch repairer:—"Friend John,—I once more send thee my erroneous pocket-clock. The last time she was at thy board, she was in no ways benefited by thine instructions. I find, from the wavering of her hands and the index of her mind, she is not right in her inward man,—I mean the mainspring. Therefore, take her, and purge her with thy adjusting tool of truth; and, if possible, drive her from the error of her ways. Let her visit the Sun's motion—the true calculation table, and the Equator; and when thou hast brought her conformable to the Standard of Truth, send her home with the bill of moderation, which shall be remitted to thee by thy friend,

ORADIAN B—.

Dated this second day of the week, commonly called Monday.

A NEGRO'S ANSWER.—A planter in St. Domingo, was one day disposing of a horse to a neighbour, and being questioned by the purchaser regarding its qualities, among the rest, whether it kicked, the disposer replied it was the quietest animal imaginable. He had, however, hardly used the expression when it flung up its heels, to the danger of the by-standers. The purchaser, being irritated at the duplicity of the other, reproached him with his intended deception, when, to substantiate the peaceful character of the animal, he called one of his slaves, and demanded of him if he ever saw this horse kick before? "O, no massa," smartly answered the negro, "me never saw him kick before—always saw him kick behind."

A SAILOR'S DESCRIPTION OF HUNTING.—Going to see my father the other day, he ax'd me to take a voyage a hunting with him. So when the swabber had rigg'd the horses, they brought me one to stow myself on board of—one that they told me was in such right trim, she would go as fast on any tack as a Fanksome cutter. So I got aloft, and clapped myself althwart ship, and made as much way as the best on 'em; and on the windward of a gravel pit, we espied a hare at anchor; and so we weighed and bore away, and just as I had overtaken her, my horse came plump ashore upon a rock—the back stay broke—she pitched me over the forecable, came keel upwards, and unhipped my shoulder, and hang me if I ever sail on land privateering again.

An old lady, speaking of a remarkably slim man with whom she was once acquainted, declared he was so thin, that when he turned sideways he could not be seen at all! If the good lady spoke the truth—and she certainly cannot be accused of *stretching* the story—this fellow would have made a rare duellist. A charmed bullet couldn't hit him.

WIT OF A GOURNAND.—Your true *gournand* is, generally speaking, without much wit. Mr. G—, invited to dine with a lady, a scrupulous observer of etiquette, offered his service to cut up a brace of partridges. Instead, however, of doing so on the dish, he put them, for the purpose, on his own plate. "For whom do you intend your *levings*?" asked the lady in surprise. "Madam," replied he, "I do not intend to leave any."

POLITE VISITOR.—"What will you take, sir—tea or coffee?" said a waiter at a fashionable hotel, to a western merchant, who was seated at the breakfast table, munching a sandwich. "Why, I don't know," was the reply, "what are you going to take yourself?"

'TAKING THE RESPONSIBILITY.'—Clem contracted with a wharfinger to complete a job in his perfection. Clem was a contractor, and instead of "liftin, ob de saw," himself, engaged Cuff to do the labourious part of the business, paying him therefor at a rate which would afford the contractor a profit. When Cuff ascertained this fact, he blubbered, "Wha for you keeps any back you do no work?"

"Wha for! Why you nigger don you know I take-a de responsibility?"

ANECDOTE FOR THE TIMES.—The Salem Gazette relates, as apposite at this moment, that when a pressure for money existed some years ago in England, an old lady took a hackney coach and proceeded to London, on business. Happening to pass the banking house of Sir John Lubbock, a wheel of the coach broke just before the door. She was extricated with difficulty, and a crowd immediately collected around the coach, and the door of the banking house, which soon became so dense that few could ascertain the cause. In answer however, to one of the quidnuncs, it was replied by a quizzer that there was a run upon Sir John's Bank. The report flew like wildfire, and in a few hours, almost every outstanding note of the house was poured into the Bank; and before the people could be undeceived, it cost the establishment a sacrifice of £80,000 sterling on property to raise the requisite specie to meet the demand consequent upon the simple accident of an old woman's broken coach wheel!—*Transcript.*

DYING FOR ANOTHER MAN'S WIFE.—Mr. L***** resides in Henry-st. His wife who is an economical body had sent a costly silk gown to a French dyer. The dyer himself brought the dress home, and unluckily as it happened, met the husband of the lady at the door, "Is madame within," asked the Frenchman. The husband, who is of a jealous disposition, replied, "And suppose she is, what do you want with her." "I dyed for her sir." "You dying for my wife—get out of my house you scoundrel!" and he had just raised his foot to kick the honest mechanic into the street, when the lady made her appearance and set the matter to rights.

AN UNPLEASANT BED FELLOW.—A boy once complained of his brother, for taking half the bed. "And why not?" said his mother; "he's entitled to half, ain't he?" "Yes, ma'am," said the boy; "but how should you like to have him take out all the soft for his half? He will have his half out of the middle! and I have to sleep both sides of him!"

A poet was noticing how sometimes the most trivial and unforeseen accident overturns an author's hopes. A thing said he, once happened to me which was enough to make a man forever ever taking a pen in hand. I had a tragedy—Garrick performed in it—I must confess the principal incident was a little similar to Lear's abdication of the throne in favor of his daughters. Mine were two daughters; and the king—after giving them a lesson fraught with legislative advantages that might have done honor to Solon or Lycurgus—finished his harangue by saying, "and now I divide this crown between you." Sir, a malicious scoundrel peeping over the spikes of the orchestra, and staring Garrick in the face, cried out, "Ah, that's just half a crown a piece." Sir, an incessant laugh immediately prevailed, and if it had been to have saved your soul, another syllable could not be heard.

A clever servant is almost invariably quick tempered. The reason is obvious: superior talent is always accompanied by pride, which must meet with many petty annoyances in the menial state.

DE-AFFECTION—EXEMPLIFIED.

The experiences of physicians have lately been often detailed in print; formerly they held themselves bound not to tell the "secrets of the prison-house." A couple of anecdotes, never before published, were related to us the other day:—

Dr. C—, as celebrated for humanity, address, and penetration, as for his professional skill, attended the last illness of a gentleman, the profligate levity of whose "son and heir" hastened his decease. Meeting the young parricide on the stairs, the doctor, without assuming the least caution or delicacy, said, coolly, "Sir, your father has just expired." "Indeed!" exclaimed the youth, starting; "this is very sudden—had you not better open the body immediately, to ascertain?" "Oh, sir," interrupted his hearer, with cutting severity, "you need not give yourself the slightest alarm—I assure you he is quite dead."

Ought the wretch to have survived such a reproach? At another time this doctor was called in to the abrupt and fatal indisposition of a very rich old man, who left behind him a curiously ignorant yet handsome young widow, apparently unalloyed by the prospect of wealth, a year's freedom, and then—the lady let down her hair to tear it, raving wildly, "I'll not believe that the dear man could die, and leave me! No!—he lives! I'm sure he's alive! Doctor, tell me, don't you think he will come to life again?" "Why, madam," replied the physician, solemnly, "since you are so pressing, I confess that we have means. Shall I galvanize him?—you will soon see him jump up then." "No, doctor, no!" screamed the widow, in pious horror, "I'll have none of your experiments—they are downright witchcraft—none of your experiments. Jump up—against the law of nature! Heaven forbid, dear man! Hard as it is to bear my fate—let us have no experiments!—*Comic Offering.*

EVERY MAN TO HIS TRADE.—A soldier, while coming up Leith Walk on a wet day lately, had his pure white inexpressibles, which seemed to be the very pride of his heart, completely destroyed, for one day at least, by a splash of mud from a cart going down. The man of war did not much relish the salute, and insisted that the carter must pay the damage done or fight him. "Fight!" said the carter, with a look of supreme contempt, "D—n it, fightin' your trade; but I'll ca' a hoase wi' ony o' ye—hup, Charlie, hup!"

A lady entered a Store, a few weeks since in the town of N—I—in N. H. where Dry Goods and Groceries were sold, and after making sundry purchases, amounting to the enormous sum of *five cents*, and occupying the attention of the Clerk for at least one hour—she inquired if he had any wine of very superior quality. He told her that he could furnish her with some of super-excellent quality, at \$3 per gallon. The Lady thought the price high—and repeatedly asked if that was the lowest—and being assured that it could not be offered for less—she opened her purse, took out a piece of coin and handed it to the Clerk, saying that she believed *she would take a Cuvée's worth*—adding that she did not know what her husband would say to her for spending so much money!

A gentleman being asked how old the Siamese twins were, replied, very artlessly, that he thought the oldest was about twenty, and the other, two years younger.

A diminutive Highlander boasted to a son of the Emerald Isle that he was descended from a tribe of giants. "Och, by the powers," says Pat, "if that's true, my little fellow, you have had a descent, indeed, and a devil of a one too."

MARCH OF REFINEMENT.

Verses for the year 1933.

Tell John to set the kettle on,

I mean to take a drive;

I only want to go to Rome,

And shall be back by five.

Tell cook to dress those humming birds

I shot in Mexico;

They've now been killed at least two days,

They'll be un *peu trop* *hant*.

And, Tom, take you the gold-leaf wings,

And start for Spain at three;

I want some Seville oranges—

Twixt dinner time and tea.

Fly round by France, and bring a new

Perpetual motion gun;

To-morrow, with some friends, I go

A hunting in the Sun.

The trip I took the other day,

To breakfast in the Moon.

Thanks to that awkward Lord Bellaire,

Has spoiled my new balloon;

For steering through the milky way,

He ran against a star;

And turning round again too soon,

Came jolt against my car.

But, Tom, get you the car repaired,

And then let Dan and Dick

Inflate with ten square miles of gas—

I mean to travel quick.

My steam is surely up by now,

Put the high pressure on;

Give me the breath-bag for the way;

All right—hey—whiz—I'm gone—

London Times.

From Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.

MATRIMONY.

"Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still, slavery! thou art a
bitter draught."

To die, some wicked rascals tell us,

Is a mere joke—a bagatelle,

Whether we're partial to a gallows,

Or choose to walk into a well;

But, from a paltry love of life,

Say the same rogues, not over-civil,

To take unto yourself a wife,

Alas a spouse—O! that's the d—!

Who, cry these wags, would ever cumber

His house with such a dull, insipid,

Useless, heartless piece of lumber,

A mere machine—a moving biped?

And then they speak of Eve and Adam,

And Sampson's wife, and Lot's sad dame,

And poor Job's breeches-wearing madame,

And hundreds more than I can name.

Pandora with her poisonous box,

And Ellen who do *Améran*,

And she who had the art to hoax

Poor Socrates, unhappy man!

Yet, after all, I still maintain

That woman, on the whole, increase

Man's happiness; and can't refrain

From saying they're a useful piece

Of household furniture, a kind,

Domestic animal, that knows

All the vagaries of your mind.

And makes your tea, and mends your clothes.

But marriage is, no doubt, a sea.

With many a rock that one may split on.

With many a hidden shoal that we

Will soon or late be sure to get on.

Who ever saw a genuine tear

Stand in a widow'd husband's eye?

Who ever had the luck to hear,

At such a time, a genuine sigh?

Look at the widower, when he goes

Accoutred in his best black clothes;

Is there no smile about his face,

No air of freedom in his pace?

No scorn about the glance he throws

In proud security on those

Whose looks inform you well enough

Their mates "are made of sterner stuff?"

This puts a story in my head,

I somewhere either heard or read:

A messenger, in breathless haste,

With hair erected on his head,

Into Cornaro's chamber pressed,

And rush'd up to the sleeper's bed;

The sleeper lay in sweet repose,

The wasted strength of his restoring,

Lull'd by the music of his nose,

Which mortals vulgarly call snoring.

The stranger shook him pretty roughly,

And tweak'd his nose and pull'd his hair.

At last Cornaro, rather gruffly,

Ask'd, "what the d—! brought him there?"

The messenger, in great distress,

At length, in broken accents, said,

"O! sir, they've sent me here express,

To tell you that your wife is dead!"

"Indeed!" the widow'd man replied,

Turning upon his other side,

And pulling o'er his eyes his cap,

In hopes of finishing his nap—

"To-morrow, when I wake, you'll see

How very sorry I shall be."

Dr. Reid says—"I have been credibly informed, that a monkey, having once been intoxicated with strong drink, in consequence of which it burnt its foot in the fire, and had a severe fit of sickness, could not after be induced to drink any think but pure water. I believe this is the utmost pitch which the faculties of brutes reach."

A gentleman was distinguished for his attachment to the society of females. Where ladies were present one evening, the subject of conversation was the doctrine of Pythagoras. The gentleman remained silent. One of the party, (remarkable for the whiteness of her neck,) asked his opinion. "Do you believe in the transmigration of souls, sir?"

"O yes, madam!"

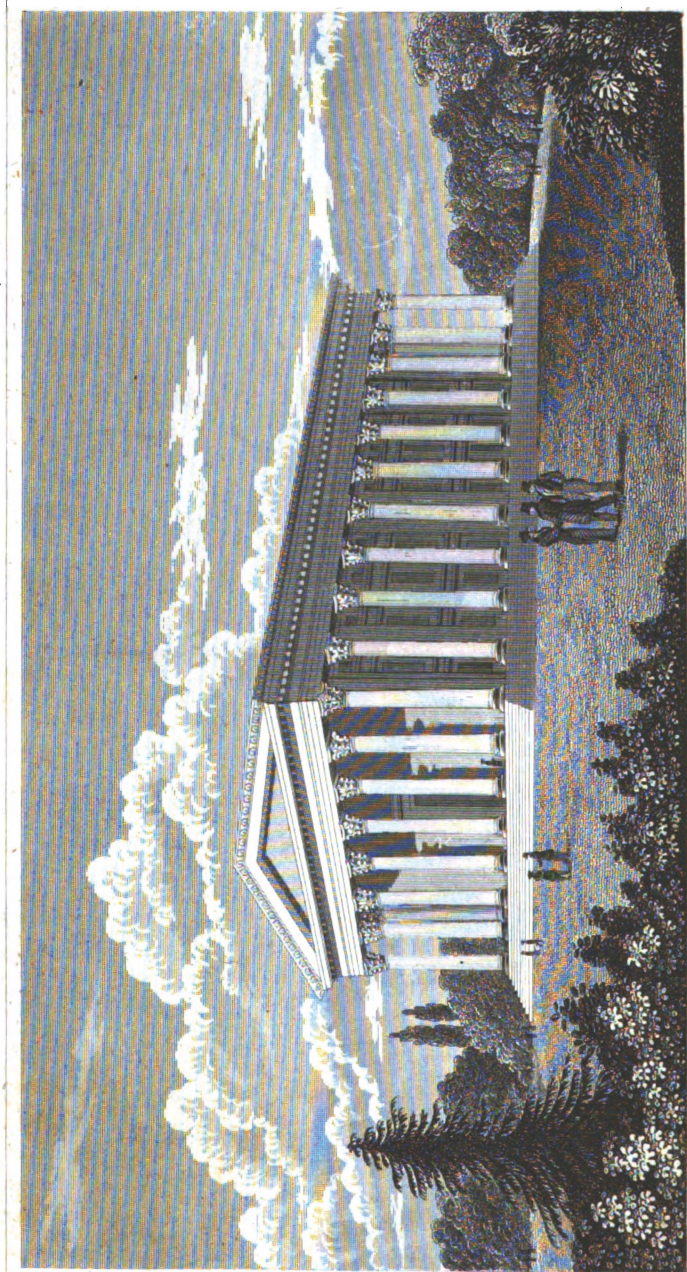
"And pray, may I inquire what creature's form you would prefer hereafter to inhabit?"

"A fly's, madam."

"A fly?"

"Yes; that I might have the pleasure, at some future day of resting on your ladyship's neck."

An English writer suggests a plan of naturalizing the fire fly, which abounds not only in America but in the Vaudois of Piedmont. The people of the Vaudois, he suggests would deliver any number of these insects in Paris, at ten shillings a dozen in boxes properly contrived, in every stage of their existence, and even in the egg, should that be desired; and that if twenty dozen were turned out in different parts of England, there could not remain a doubt, that, in a few years, they would be common through the country, to the great embellishment of English summer evenings.







OR GEMS OF

LITERATURE, WIT AND SENTIMENT.

For noble youth, there is no thing so meet
As learning is, to know the good from ill :
To know the tongues, and perfectly indite,
And of the laws to have a perfect skill,
Things to reform as right and justice will :
For honour is ordained for no cause,
But to see right maintained by the laws.

No. 5.]

PHILADELPHIA.—MAY.

[1834.

THE GIRARD COLLEGE.

It is with no common feeling of satisfaction that we present to the readers of the Casket, the first engraved view of this magnificent monument of human philanthropy. If the public attention has been anxiously directed to the subject of the College, it was worthy that it should be, as it is seldom called on to contemplate an object so deserving. The architect, THOMAS U. WALTER, Esq. is a gentleman who has already distinguished himself by the erection of the Wills Hospital for the Blind and Lame, an institution which had its origin in a legacy to the corporation of Philadelphia, from the late JAMES WILLS of this city, and by the erection of a Prison for the County of Philadelphia, which is now rapidly approaching its completion.

The Girard College will be constructed in exact compliance with the will of Mr. Girard, with the single exception of increasing the thickness of the walls, which as directed by him, were found to be insufficient for the safety and permanency of the vast structure they were destined to support. Mr. Girard having caused a large number of stores and dwelling houses to be built, naturally became well versed in all the details of building, and in his will laid down a plan for the construction of his College, in which he directed the walls, after a certain height, to be made of only two feet thickness. This thickness was found, by more practical men, to be insufficient to make it a "permanent and durable" edifice, an injunction on which great stress was laid in his will; the thickness of the walls was therefore increased in the parts considered as needing it. The College is 111 feet east and west, and 169 feet north and south. "It is built on "lines parallel with the east and west city streets," deviating from a parallel with the north and south streets only as much as said streets deviate from a right angle. The design adopted by the council, and now being executed, makes the house "three stories high; each story is fifteen feet high, in the clear from the floor to the cornice." The elevation of the arch, together with the thickness of the floor and arch, makes each story twenty five feet from floor to floor. "The whole building will be fire proof inside and outside."

"The floors and the roof are to be formed of solid

materials, on arches turned on proper centres, so that no wood will be used except for doors, windows, and shutters."

"Cellars are made under the whole building; the doors to them from the outside, are on the east and west of the building, and access to them from the inside will be by steps descending to the cellar floor, from each of the entries or halls hereinafter mentioned, and the inside cellar doors are to open under the stairs on the north east, and north west corners of the northern entry, and under the stairs on the south east and south west corners of the southern entry."

"There is a cellar window, under, and in a line with each window of the first story. They are built 3 feet below, and 3 feet above the surface of the ground. The sashes are to open inside on hinges, like doors, and there is to be strong iron bars outside of each window," placed securely in the portico floor; the "windows inside and outside are 4 feet wide in the clear."

"There are in each story 4 rooms, each room being 50 feet square in the clear."

"The four rooms on each floor occupy the whole space east and west, on such floor or story, and the middle of the building north and south, so that in the north of the building, and in the south thereof, their remains a space" of 26 feet, "for an entry or hall in each, for stairs and landings."

"In the northeast, and in the north west corners of the northern entry or hall on the first floor, stairs are to be made so as to form a double staircase, which are to be carried up through the several stories; and in the like manner, in the southeast and southwest corners of the southern entry or hall, stairs are to be made on the first floor, so as to form a double staircase, to be carried up through the several stories; the steps of the stairs are to be made of smooth white marble with plain square edges," each step is to be 7-13 inches rise, and 13 inches on the tread.

The outside and inside foundation walls, are 14 feet high in the clear from the ground to the ceiling, (or under side of the arches) the first floor is eight feet above the level of the ground, around the building after such ground shall have been properly regulated.

Arrangements have been made for chaining or banding the walls in the manner that Mr. Girard has directed.

* The quotations used in describing the College are from the Will of Mr. Girard.

The elevation of the roof is one-ninth of the whole span, this being "as nearly horizontal as may be, consistently with the easy passage of water to the eaves;" "the outside walls" are to be carried up of the thickness of two feet, to the height of two feet above the roof, and to "have a marble capping, with a strong and neat iron railing thereon."

"The outside walls" are to "be faced with slabs or blocks of marble," the thickness of none of the courses "being less than two feet," understanding by the thickness, the vertical dimensions, these blocks are to be "fastened together with clamps, securely sunk therein."

"The floors and landings as well as the roof, are to be covered with marble slabs, securely laid in mortar; the thickness of the marble on the roof, will be double that of the floors."

"In constructing the walls, as well as turning the arches, and laying the floors, landing and roof, good and strong mortar and grout, are to be used, so that no cavity whatever may any where remain."

Provision is made for a large furnace, in each end of the cellar, "for the generation of heated air," and flues are to be constructed in the walls, for the purpose of conducting the warm air thus generated, to all the rooms in the house.

"There are two principal doors of entrance into the College, one into the entry or hall on the first floor in the North, and one in the South of the building, and in the centre, between the East and West walls; these doors are proportioned according to the size of the building, the purpose of the doors and the size of the entry."

The same principle has governed in deciding upon the size and position of all the interior doors and windows.

"All the doors are to be double, those opening into the rooms to be what are termed glass doors, and those opening outward to be of substantial wood work, well lined and secured."

"The windows of the second and third stories," are "to be made in the style of those in the first and second stories of Mr. Girard's late dwelling, in North Water street;" that is to say, they are to be made to open in the centre, and hung on hinges the same as doors; "the windows of the first story, to be in the same style except that they are not to descend to the floor, but so far as the surface, up to which the wall is to be carried, in the same manner as Mr. Girard's house in Passyunk Township."

The whole building is to be surrounded with a portico, twenty-one feet in width, with columns of the Grecian Corinthian order, this portico is essentially necessary, inasmuch, as it affords strength and stability to the third story arches. This additional strength is not obtained from the columns as props or shores to the building, but these columns support the entablature, ceiling of portico, &c. from which the requisite strength is obtained.

As it regards the arching of the first and second stories, there will be no difficulty, inasmuch, as the superincumbent weight will create a resistance to lateral pressure, and prevent any swerving that might occur from the tremendous pressure of the arches, but the third story arches not having the advantage of superior weight, must be secured by some other method.

All the arches will be banded with iron, (in the words of Mr. Girard) they will "be secured with iron chains," but these chains cannot embrace all that portion of the wall that is subjected to outward pressure, all the force cannot be positively resolved upon one horizontal line; the chains are of great importance it is true, but something more than chains is requisite. As a dernier resort therefore, a colonnade around the whole building was adopted.

The weight of the materials used in the construction of the entablature, portico—ceiling, roof, &c. is supported, one half on the columns, and one half on the walls of the building; this additional weight applied directly to that part of the wall, receiving the thrust of the third story arches, will prevent any "cracking or swerving," and give "strength and durability" to the whole work.

In addition to the strength gained by the weight on the walls at the spring of the arches, the ceiling of the portico and the entablature will be securely clamped together with iron; by this means a band will be formed around the whole building, which will give permanency and durability to the edifice.

All the marble required in the construction of this magnificent edifice, is now under contract, and a large quantity has already been delivered at the College, and prepared for placing on the walls; it is all of a very superior quality, and that intended for the porticoes, is clear white.

We understand that the carving of the corinthian capitals for the exterior, is also under contract, and the contractors have commenced the work; it is all to be executed on the land surrounding the College.

The whole of the marble is obtained in the state of Pennsylvania, and within 26 miles of Philadelphia.

The cost of the whole establishment is estimated at \$900,000, and from six to eight years will be required to finish it. By the will of Mr. Girard, two millions of dollars are set aside for the construction and future support, while the balance of his vast estate is in reality a mere reserve fund, from which as much more may be drawn for the use of this College as may be found necessary. When this stupendous edifice is completed, it will be, without exception, the most splendid work on the American continent. All that taste, skill, money, and materials of surpassing excellence can do, will be united to form a monument worthy of the man who so munificently endowed it, and of which not only Philadelphia, but the country at large may well be proud.

The devotion of his wealth to charitable and useful purposes, seems to give the finishing stroke to the character of this remarkable man. By patient and laborious attention to his business, united with a shrewdness and sagacity which are seldom found to blend in a single individual, Girard accumulated a fortune which was even more than princely. In obtaining it, he wronged no man by overreaching, deception, or any of the dishonourable tricks of trade. No reproach of that kind has ever been brought against him. It is true that he was parsimonious, and it is said, unkind to his relations, as it is certain he was brutal in his treatment of those employed under him. On occasions too, he was liberal in the extreme. Of his religious life we dare not judge, as well because we have no knowledge of his secret devotions, their extent or their sincerity, as because it is no man's province to pass upon that which is the prerogative of Almighty Power alone. When dying, his wealth was not given to appease the horrors of a death bed, because his end was calm and tranquil; but having provided liberally for all the members of his family, in this country as well as in France, he bequeathed the remainder of his vast estate for the accomplishment of objects which after ages will unite, as we do, in pronouncing the most exalted and eminently beneficial to the human family.

POLITENESS.—A polite behavior can never be long maintained without a real wish to please; and such a wish is a proof of good-nature. No ill-natured man can be long well-bred. No good-natured man, however unpolished in his manners, can ever be essentially ill-bred.

LOVE, LUCK AND HORSEMANSHIP,
OR MY FIRST STEEPLE-CHASE.By the Author of *Wild Sports of the West*.

It was the first week in July, when, having taken the honours of a graduate, after a five years sojourn within the classical courts of old Alma Mater, I strolled into the repository in Stephen's-green, to bid adieu to old H—, who for thirty years had horsed us of Trinity. It was a sale-day, and a blank one too; the world was out of town. There were few to sell, and fewer yet to buy. A back not worth a hay-band, was knocked down to an aspiring linen-draper, who wanted "something smart" whereon to bid himself occasionally. I saw him regularly jockeyed with infinite satisfaction, as he had once dunned me, even unto payment, for "a beggarly account" of gloves and pocket handkerchiefs. Although he did not venture to invite me to be of the multitude of his counsellors, as I had broken his windows upon the evening I had paid his bill, that did not prevent me from pointing out certain beauties in the quadruped then beneath the hammer, which even had escaped the auctioneer himself. Indeed, according to my showing, the cardinal virtues of horseflesh were concentrated in that matchless animal. Yet human judgment is fallible, and the steed did not realize the qualifications ascribed to him by the puffer and myself; for, as the Evening Post soon afterwards announced, Mr. Lawrence Lutestring was run away with upon the rocky road, and the excited courser, not content with demolishing sundry ribs of the unfortunate cavalier, had, from an infirmity of vision, come in contact with a loaded jaunting-car, and the concussion was so awful, that the company were deposited in a wet ditch, and the vehicle rendered *hors du combat*.

I was about to leave the yard, when old Phil, prime-minister to the repository, jogged me on the elbow. "Stop a minute—it's worth while, sir. There's a queer one coming out—he's the devil, to be sure. Och, if he had but temper; but here he is." While he spoke, a rattling high-bred dark bay horse issued from the stables.—He was in the lowest condition imaginable; but, notwithstanding his poverty, he was the ruin of a noble animal—he was far from being handsome; the head was coarse, the shoulder thick; but he embodied some good points, and, though cross-made, to an experienced eye his "ensemble" was excellent. Archy, my best man—as honest a groom as ever won a living, whispered, "if he had not the go in him, he was the biggest villain under the canopy" and before the animal had made the third turn down the run, I had come to a similar conclusion.

The groom stopped when he had gained the vantage ground. "There, gentlemen," said the auctioneer, "there's what I call youth and beauty; there's the maker of a fortune, and no mistake. The lady who could refuse any thing to a man with such a daisy cutter under him would be hard to please indeed—run him down, Lanty—that's action and elegance—come, sir," to a tall, raw-boned young grocer—"that horse was foaled for you—a gentleman of your figure

should never cross any thing but blood—this here horse is young Selim: he's own brother to Mouse-catcher; cousin to Morgiana, and up to fourteen stone with any fox-hounds in the kingdom"—but Selim appeared likely to profit little by his respectable relationship; he had a *ree* look, a blemished knee, was fired behind, and had killed a man into the bargain; for he had run off with a drunken helper, and broke the rider's neck against the frame-work of the stable-door—no, in company of sober cits, requiring "steady roadsters," and "useful family horses," Selim found little favour; and the young grocer, even to become a lady-killer, would not bid a sixpence.

"Gentlemen, I put him up at *fifty*," said he of the hammer—"no reserve in this case—none, upon honour—owner gone to the Peninsula, and orders for sale absolute. Selim is a beautiful charger; steady with arms," and here he addressed a corpulent personage, who, as it appeared, was in the yeomanry; "he would carry you upon parade delightfully; his courage is only equalled by his training; his late master would ride him to a battery." A *battery*—may heaven forgive him! Selim had never seen a corporal's guard relieved in his life; a cracker would raise him sky-high, and a quib send him across the broadest part of Sackville-street.—Still, not a whisper from the company, and the auctioneer proceeded—"gentlemen, we must sacrifice him—orders peremptory, say *forty* for the beautiful and gentle animal." "gentle," ejaculated the grocer, "and that after killing a groom." This was indeed a home hit—the auctioneer coughed—"hem—hem—rather unfortunate, but mere accident after all—say *thirty*, gentlemen—twenty—ten—do, give me a bid." "Five," roared a jingle owner—"ten," said Archy—"fifteen" shouted the puffer—"twenty" cried I—the hammer fell—and the brother of Mouse-catcher was mine.

Now, I verily believe, that the whole history of Selim was apocryphal, except the solitary fact of his having finished a stable-boy. In one thing, however, Archy and I were unanimous—that to a herring-cadger he was worth the money, provided he would carry the basket. We brought him in the country—bled, fed, blistered, and physicked him, "*secundum artem*," turned him out upon a fine salt marsh, and left him "to fulfil his destinies."

At this memorable period of my life, the north of Ireland was celebrated for its sporting associations. The Boyne, the Doagh, the Newtownbreda hunts were all in full force; and few of the larger towns wanted their own particular club. Many private gentlemen were also masters of hounds, and kept their establishments nobly. Then the glory of "The Rangers" was in its zenith—their county and members were alike extensive; and no gentleman attached to field sports within thirty miles, whose rank and fortune would authorize his admission, but was enrolled in this celebrated club. The members met annually in the country town, attended by a pack of fox hounds, and "a gallant following." They lived liked "Irish kings," played high, drank deep, seldom went to bed, gave dashing balls, and set the country in a blaze weeks be-

fore, and months afterwards. Alas! all this is over; the club is no more; the pack is scattered; the kennel a ruin; "The Rangers fill the narrow house;" and where in Ireland could rank, and wealth, and influence, be congregated now?

Into "The Rangers" I had been recently admitted; their meeting was fixed for the middle of October, and the cup, with other valuable plates, were then to be contested. The cup had excited unusual interest, and had been challenged by a dozen members, good men and true, and each having, or believing he had, an excellent chance of winning it. The race was three miles, over *Hibernia* a sporting, *Anglice* a break-neck country—the weights thirteen stone. There were already eight candidates in full preparation. Six depended on their own horses—good, fat, honest, weight-carriers—but two had gone to considerable expense, and had secured at "a large figure," celebrated racing-hunters "for the nonce."

"What will not young ambition?" In spite of this mighty array, I boldly added my name to the list of challengers. I had a slashing four-year-old mare, whose stride and action were extraordinary. As there were no allowance for the age or sex, the weights were certainly against her; but I was not the one to despair, and even to name her in the match was an honour more than worth the entrance-money.

August came; Miranda was in beautiful condition: and Archy exhausted upon her training all the arcana of the racing-stable, and the experience of a life; while I dreamed of nothing but cups and conquest. Alas! these youthful visions were rudely dispelled, for, one morning, Miranda was found halter-cast in the stable.—She was dead lame, and lame she continued for many a month afterwards. To me and my master of the horse this was a sad disappointment. I took myself to the grouse-shooting, and Archy to whiskey and religion. Poor Archy, in the hours of business, was an indifferent catholic, as the priest declared, but from the moment a horse was put in training, he never "darkened a chapel door."

August passed, and I would have willingly continued absent. To witness the downfall of my ambition was painful, as Miranda was incurably lame. Other feelings were paramount; I was deep in love, and at twenty-one that is a desperate concern.

Rosa lived near me. I would have forgotten her, but that was impossible. She was an heiress, gentle, and timid to a degree, and fearful of hearing she was beloved. Yet there were times when, if my advances were not encouraged, at least my suit was listened to, and an ill-concealed satisfaction told, that she was not indifferent to my suit. Her coldness piqued me for the moment, and yet I left her, persuaded that of all her sex she was the best worthy of being wooed and won.

I arrived home for a late dinner, discussed some old port, listened to a long story, and was musing over the misfortune of my mare, when Archy popped in his head to ask "if I would look into the stables." I followed him, and one glance told me that Miranda was not to figure in

the field. My eyes passed over the stalls, and rested on a stranger in the corner, sheeted with my own covers. Archy, with a knowing look, stripped the new corner, and the brother of Mouse-catcher was before me; and could this be he? The rakish, tattered, rejected man-killer of the Repository, changed into as fine a horse as ever followed a fox-bound! The mystery was quickly solved—Archy had visited the *sh-m*-marsh—found Selim so altered as scarcely to be recognized; took him up and got him through physic, and ready for training. For this, indeed, there was but little time; but Archy swore "alight training was best for a half-breed," and Archy was right.

For my part, I could scarce believe my eyes, and examined Selim carefully, to assure myself of his identity. Every scratch upon his legs had disappeared; the blemish on his knee was hardly visible; he was now a sporting looking horse, and Archy swore, "better than he looked."

Time flew, and every thing increased my confidence in the cousin of Morgiana. His speed was easily ascertained, but of his fencing qualities we knew nothing. Any thing we took him at he executed well, and intricate leaps were for obvious reasons avoided. I had secured a gentleman to ride for me, who in steeple-chasing had covered himself with glory, and, with a reasonable hope of success, waited the result.

And yet I never caused my competitors a thought. With the lameness of Miranda, it had pleased them to conclude my racing history.

They heard, accidentally, that I had purchased a horse in town, and all they knew of him was, that he had killed a man and been bought for a song. With this information they rested satisfied, and decided that myself and man-killer were of "no consideration." I kept my own counsel, and when it was necessary to remove to the vicinity of the race-ground, I procured accommodation for my establishment at an obscure farm-house, and our incognito was as perfect as if we had never left our stables.

But there was one to whom my proceedings were not indifferent, and that one was my gentle Rosa. With all a woman's tenderness, she had sympathized in my disappointment; she knew my secret, for ours were young hearts, and what agitated one breast could not but interest the other.

The evening before the eventful day, I stole from the club-room, to exchange the jargon of the field for a tête-à-tête with my pretty mistress. "Hot with the Tuscan grape," I urged my passion with more than common ardour, and Rosa listened. Just then her maid disturbed us, and brought me a letter that had been forwarded by express. I broke the seal—death to my hopes! My rider had been thrown from a coach-box, and lay with a broken arm at a country inn some ten miles distant.

Rosa remarked my agitation.

"Is there anything wrong, Arthur?"

"Yes, dearest, I am indeed a luckless cavalier; *he*—— has met with an accident, and Selim is consequently without a rider."

"And will he not run, then?"

Half a minute determines, frequently, as well

as the consideration of half a year, and in that brief space I had formed my resolution.

"*He will run*, Rosa, but with me upon his back, what chance can he have with the best riders in the kingdom opposed?"

"But the danger, dear Arthur—"

"Is not greater than fox-hunters encounter thrice a week."

"And is there really no more?"

I assured her there was not, and shortly afterwards bade her good night. This trifling occurrence elicited more from Rosa than all my studied efforts; and when I left her, for the first time I pressed her to my bosom, and heard her murmur a prayer for my safety.

Whether it was that unforeseen events call forth the latent energies of the mind, or the consciousness that I was beloved by her for whom I would sacrifice a world, that roused the ardour of my spirits I knew not, but I entered the crowded club-room with a buoyant and excited feeling. The accident to my rider had transpired, and from some I received sincere, from others ironical, condolence.

"I hope notwithstanding, that the *homicide* will run," said the president.

"The *homicide*, as you are pleased to term him will run; and, for want of a better horseman, his owner will ride, and win—if he can."

My tone and manner were not unmarked; and while some were recommending me to effect a life insurance, I was coolly booking heavy odds, and so continued till every gentleman inclined to bet them had been heartily satisfied. The joking at my expense subsided fast—people began to look suspiciously, and Jemmy Joyce whispered his next neighbour, that the sooner he hedged the better, as the race was not quite so sure, I being, according to his parlance, "very like a lad who would make a spoon or spoil a horn." Having balanced my book, I borrowed an old blue jacket from the huntsman, left the club, visited the stable, and went quietly to rest, to be ready for the morrow.

Morning came, and I felt rather queer: I began to discover that it is no joke for a nervous gentleman to ride steeple-chases for the first time, under the critical examination of thirty thousand spectators. But an incident restored my *hardiess*. At breakfast, a sealed parcel was handed me by the waiter; it contained a beautiful pink and yellow jacket. No note accompanied it, but to the cap a scroll was attached, bearing in a female hand, the motto, "*may this be foremost!*" Whose might the fair favour be? My heart whispered the name and I was not mistaken.

The ground selected for the race was chosen, with excellent judgment, as it afforded to the mighty multitude an uninterrupted view of the race, from its commencement to its close: from a circular valley the surface undulated gently, and the course, nearly elliptical, stretched across the rising ground. In the same field the starting and winning posts were placed. This was a favourite stand; a long line of carriages of every description occupied it. Ladies were there "thick as leaves in Vall'ombrosa," for every thing distinguished and beautiful for counties round was on the ground.

At twelve o'clock a warning bugle was heard, and from their respective cantonments the horses slowly approached the same point; each, as he entered the field, was scrutinized by a crowd of horsemen, who were assembled for that purpose at the gate. With short intervals, a brown, a gray and two bays passed review; they had their respective admirers, but caused no great sensation, and expectation "was still on the tiptoe;" presently a buzz was heard, a horse approached, and Firebrand, a noted racing hunter from Roscommon, appeared. He looked to be in capital condition, and from having won four cups already, his character was deservedly first-rate.

"But louder yet the clamour grew," as the pet of the day, the far-famed English horse, Comet, appeared. He was a splendid, thorough-bred cheanut, full sixteen hands high, and looking every inch like a racer, I felt my cheek blanch as I examined him: he was indeed a formidable opponent; and as his late owner, Capt. M——, reputed justly to be the best field horseman in the kingdom, was to ride him, no wonder that I began to dread the contest.

He was led off, and my forlorn charger was impatiently expected. In the few minutes which elapsed before his entrée, I and my *man-killer* were subjected to many a sporting jest; at length the brother of Mouse-catcher appeared, and on he came with a careless toss of the head, as if he had never finished a stable-boy; closely sheeted as he was, his appearance was very different from what had been anticipated: the knowing ones looked more knowing; and Jemmy Joyce exclaimed with a grin, that he seemed "mighty like a Tartar!"

While the horses were leading to the starting-post, I galloped up to the hill to the place my pretty mistress occupied in an open carriage; "tell me, pray you," said her cousin, "what spell is over Rosa; know you the secret that robs her of the roses?" "Shall I restore them?" I replied; and unclasping my top-coat, displayed my handsome jacket. When it met her eyes, her cheeks were dyed with blushes, and left me at no loss to conjecture whence my fancy favour came.

Again the bugle sounded; Comet and Firebrand occupied the attention of the crowd, while Selim was stripped and saddled behind a large marquee; to assume my gay cap and doff my coat was the business of a minute; my competitors were already mounted, and I was impatiently called for, when from behind the tent a dashing horse and gallant rider issued. Our appearance elicited a murmur of applause; the owners of Comet and Firebrand looked blank enough; and faith they had good reason.

As we drew up in line, I thought the English racer appeared not to be in full force; but the determined countenance of the inimitable jockey, dressed in his black and buff stripes, looked alarming; nor was Firebrand without his friends; and the green cap was offered fully against every thing but Comet; as to me, people seemed afraid to back or bet against me; and those who had laid the odds last night pretty heavily, were hedging now as fast as they could meet with customers.

Off we went in a bunch; the bays, brown, and gray making the running. I saw at once that

the pace, though severe for them, was nothing to Comet, Firebrand, and my friend the *Man-killer*. After a mile we tailed them off, and had the race to ourselves.

One moiety of the ground was broken into tillage fields and enclosures; the other was open meadow, affording excellent galloping, and interspersed with stiff fences. Here, having cleared the poddocks, we increased the speed, and came out at a killing pace.

On entering the grass-lands, I found my rivals could not conveniently go faster, and that I was up to it well; the race was indeed beautiful; for the next mile a sheet would cover us; the fences were taken in line; and none could tell whether black, yellow, or green was foremost.

Half a mile from home, there was a fence of tremendous size; it was a ditch with a drain at either side, and the place that we approached was stoccaded with stumped thorns. It was, in truth, a "regular rasper," and was distinguished by the country people "par excellence," as the *big-leap*; as we neared it, my companions gathered the energies of the horses for the trial, and Selim looked as if he were half-inclined to decline it; and yet with a glorious effort he cleared this formidable barrier in a style that drew from the multitude a thunder of applause: not so my rivals; Firebrand fell, and staked himself; while Comet, by his rider's horsemanship, was indifferently brought across, but staggering, he came down on landing, and in the mistake lost ground he could never recover; during the run home, he did make a wonderful struggle to pull up; it was in vain, for after we crossed the break-neck fence, I had the race hollow.

Amid deafening cheers, I was carried from the soales in triumph; I was declared, even by Jemmy Joyce, a youth of promise, and my *man-killer* the best weight-carrier in the kingdom.

Every tale has its moral; so has mine. Never condemn a horse untried; for many a good one has thus been sacrificed. I saved Selim from slavery and a jingle; and he won me four cups, and carried me four seasons as I was never carried afterward: nay more, I owe my connubial happiness mainly to "my bonny bay." Rosa was an heiress, and I a younger son; a rich rival was encouraged by her guardian, and in a few days he was expected to make his addresses in form. I was flushed with victory, and she flattered to see her fairy favourite *foremost* in the field. At the ball that night, my eloquence was irresistible; she smiled upon my suit; and, to end uncertainty, and save her guardian future trouble, eloped with me to Grenta the next morning.

Years of happiness have proved how fortunate our union was; and if some reminiscences of early indiscretion will sometimes intrude upon my memory, on two eras I can look back with unalloyed delight—the morning when I rode my first steeple-chase, and the evening that made Rosa mine.—*Dublin University Magazine*.

If you wish to make yourself agreeable to any one, talk as much as you please about his or her affairs, and as little as possible about your own. People are such downright egotists themselves, that they cannot tolerate egotism in others.

PECULIARITIES OF AUTHORS.—The habits and peculiarities of authors in almost every branch of literature have, in many instances, been sufficiently ridiculous. Rousseau, for instance, could write only when dressed in the highest style of refinement, and with crow pen, on tinted or gilt paper. Dr. Samuel Johnson was almost the only author of the last century who could write at any time and under any circumstances. In recent times, and in the present day, we find the greater proportion of authors free of the peculiarities which were fashionable among their predecessors; occupying half their time with some ordinary pursuit, and taking up the pen in most cases in the intervals of business. The chief composers of music were in general still more affected and impassioned in their feelings than the authors of the last century, and were apparently unable to compose, unless under great excitement. It is seen from a recent article in the *Hermæcon*, that Gluck, in order to warm his imagination, and transport himself in idea to Aulis, or Sparta, was accustomed to place himself in the middle of a beautiful meadow. In this situation, with a piano before him, and a bottle of champagne by his side, he wrote his two Iphigenias, his Orpheus, and other works. Sarti, on the contrary, required a spacious dark room, dimly illuminated by a lamp suspended from the ceiling; and it was only in the most silent hours of night that he could summon musical ideas. Cimarosa, it seems, was fond of noise; he liked to have his friends about him when he composed. Frequently, in the course of a single night, he wrote the subjects of eight or ten charming airs, which he afterwards finished in the midst of his friends. Cherubini was also in the habit of composing when surrounded with company. If his ideas did not flow very freely, he would borrow a pack of playing cards from any party engaged with them, and fill up the *pipis* with faces caricatured, and all kinds of humorous devices, for he was as ready with his pencil as his pen, though certainly not equally great with both. Sacchini could not write a passage except when his wife was at his side, and unless his cats, whose playfulness he admired, were gamboling about him. Paisiello composed in bed; and it was there that he planned *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, *La Molinara*, and other *chef-d'œuvre* of ease and gracefulness. Zingarelli would dictate his music after reading a passage in one of the fathers of the church, or in some Latin classic. Haydn, who was lofty in his conceptions, required a peculiar, but a harmless species of excitement. Solitary and sober as Newton, putting on his finger the ring sent him by Frederick II., and which, he said, was necessary to inspire his imagination, he sat down to his piano, and in a few moments soared among the choirs. Nothing disturbed him at Eisenstadt, the seat of Prince Esterhazy; he lived wholly for his art, exempt from worldly cares, and often said that he always enjoyed himself most when he was at work.

In the first ages of the world, the year was distinguished by two seasons only. Moses mentions seed-time and harvest, summer and winter. In process of time, the exertions of industry marked out other periods; but all that the Germans wanted of the earth was corn and grain, and the harvest being over, they had no fruits to expect in autumn. Broder says, the Germans at this day have no distinct word in their language for the autumnal season. The term that signifies them is Herbst, harvest. Beyond that period, the Ancient Germans knew no productions of the earth, having neither orchards nor fruit trees; and accordingly the Anglo-Saxon language has no name for autumn. The word in English was borrowed from the Latin.

LAURA LOVEL.

A SKETCH—FOR LADIES ONLY.

BY MISS LESLIE.

The world is still deceived with ornament.—*Shakespeare.*

Laura Lovel was the eldest surviving daughter of a clergyman settled in a retired and beautiful village at the western extremity of the state of Massachusetts. Between Laura and her two youngest sisters, three other children had died. Being so much their senior, it was in her power to assist her father materially in the instruction of Ella and Rosa; as after his family had become small, Mr. Lovel thought it best that the two little girls should receive all their education at home, and never were children that conferred more credit on their teachers. Mrs. Lovel was a plain, good woman, of excellent practical sense, a notable seamstress, and a first rate housewife. Few families were more perfectly happy, notwithstanding that the limited income of Mr. Lovel (though sufficient for comfort) left them little or nothing for superfluities.

They had a very neat house standing in the centre of a flourishing garden, in which, utility had been the first consideration, though blended as far as possible with beauty. The stone fence looked like a hedge of nasturtiums. The pillars supporting the rustic piazza that surrounded the house, were the rough trunks of small trees with a sufficient portion of the chief branches remaining, to afford resting places for the luxuriant masses of scarlet beans that ran over them; furnishing, when the blossoms were off, and the green pods full grown, an excellent vegetable dish for the table. The house was shaded with fruit-trees exclusively, the garden shrubs were all raspberry, currant, and gooseberry, and the flowers were chiefly those that had medicinal properties, or could be turned to culinary purposes—with the exception of some that were cultivated purposely for the bees. A meadow which pastured two cows and a horse, completed the little domain.

About the time that Laura Lovel had finished her seventeenth year, there came to the village of Rosebrook an old friend of her father's whom he had long since lost sight of. They had received their early education at the same school, they had met again at college, and had some years after performed together a voyage to India; Mr. Brantley as supercargo, Mr. Lovel as a missionary. Mr. Brantley had been very successful in business, and was now a merchant of wealth and respectability, with a handsome establishment in Boston. Mr. Lovel had settled down as pastor of the principal church in his native village.

The object of Mr. Brantley's present visit to Rosebrook, was to enquire personally into the state of some property he still retained there. Mr. Lovel would not allow his old friend to remain at the tavern, but insisted that his house should be his abiding place; and they had much pleasure in comparing their reminiscences of former times. As their chief conversation was on topics common to both, Mr. Lovel did not

perceive that, except upon mercantile subjects, Mr. Brantley had acquired few new ideas since they had last met, and that his reading was confined exclusively to the newspaper. But he saw that in quiet good-nature, and easiness of disposition, his old friend was still the same as in early life.

Mr. Brantley was so pleased with every member of the Lovel family, and liked his visit so much, that he was induced to prolong it two days beyond his first intention; and he expressed an earnest desire to take Laura home with him, to pass a few weeks with his wife and daughter. This proposal, however, was declined, with sincere acknowledgements for its kindness; Mr. Lovel's delicacy making him unwilling to send his daughter as a guest to a lady who as yet was ignorant of her existence, and Laura shaming in her father's soruples.

Mr. Brantley took his leave: and three months afterwards, he paid a second visit to Rosebrook, for the purpose of selling his property in that neighborhood. He brought with him a short but very polite letter from his wife to Mr. and Mrs. Lovel, renewing the invitation for Laura, and pressing it in a manner that could scarcely be withstood. Mr. Lovel began to waver; Mrs. Lovel thought it was time that Laura should see a little of the world, and Laura's speaking looks told how much pleasure she anticipated from the excursion. The two little girls, though their eyes filled at the idea of being separated from their beloved sister, most unanimously joined in entreating permission for her to go, as they saw that she wished it. Finally, Mr. Lovel consented; and Laura seemed to tread on air while making her preparations for the journey.

That evening, at the hour of family worship, her father laid his hand on Laura's head, and uttered a fervent prayer for the preservation of her health and happiness during her absence from the paternal roof. Mrs. Lovel and all her daughters were deeply affected, and Mr. Brantley looked very much inclined to participate in their emotion.

Early next morning, Mr. Brantley's chaise was at the door, and Laura took leave of the family with almost as many tears and kisses as if she had been going to cross the Atlantic. Little Ella, who was about eight years old, presented her, at parting, with a very ingenious needle-book of her own making, and Rosa, who was just seven, gave her a keepsake, an equally clever pin-cushion. She promised to bring them new books and other little presents from Boston, a place in which they supposed every thing, that the world produced, could be obtained without difficulty.

Finally, the last farewell was uttered, the last kiss was given, and Laura Lovel took her seat in the chaise beside Mr. Brantley, who drove off at a rapid pace; and in a few moments, a turn in the road hid from her view the house of her father, and the affectionate group that still lingered at its gate to catch the latest glimpse of the vehicle that was bearing away from them the daughter and the sister.

As they proceeded on their journey, Laura's spirits gradually revived, and she soon became interested or delighted with every thing she beheld; for she had a quick perception, with a

mised of much intelligence and depth of observation.

The second day of their journey had nearly closed before the spires of the Boston churches, and the majestic dome of the State House, met the intense gaze of our heroine. Thousands of lights soon twinkled over the city of the three hills, and the long vistas of lamps that illuminated the bridges, seemed to the unpractised eyes of Laura Lovell to realize the glories of the Arabian Nights. "Oh!" she involuntarily exclaimed, "if my dear little sister could only be with me now."

As they entered by the western avenue, and as Mr. Brantley's residence was situated in the eastern part of the city, Laura had an opportunity of seeing as she passed, a vast number of lofty, spacious, and noble-looking dwelling-houses, in the erection of which the patrician families of Boston have, perhaps, surpassed all the other aristocracies of the union; for sternly republican as are our laws and institutions, it cannot be denied that in private life every section of our commonwealth has its aristocracy.

At length they stopped at Mr. Brantley's door, and Laura had a very polite reception from the lady of the mansion, an indolent, good natured, insipid woman, the chief business of whose life was dress and company. Mr. Brantley had purchased a large and handsome house in the western part of the town, to which the family were to remove in the course of the autumn, and it was Mrs. Brantley's intention when they were settled in their new and elegant establishment to get into a higher circle, and to have weekly soirees. To make her parties the more attractive, she was desirous of engaging some very pretty young lady (a stranger with a new face) to pass the winter with her. She had but one child, a pert, forward girl, about fourteen, thin, pale, and seeming "as if she suffered a great deal in order to look pretty." She sat, stood, and moved, as if in constant pain from the tightness of her corsets, the smallness of her sleeve-holes, and the narrowness of her shoes. Her hair, having been kept long during the whole period of her childhood, was exhausted with incessant tying, brushing, and curling, and she was already obliged to make artificial additions to it. It was at this time a mountain of bows, plaits and puffs, and her costume was in every respect that of a woman of twenty. She was extremely anxious to "come out," as it is called, but her father insisted on her staying in, till she had finished her education; and her mother had been told that it was very impolite to allow young ladies to "appear in society" at too early an age, as they were always supposed to be older than they really were, and therefore, would be the sooner considered passed.

After tea, Mrs. Brantley reclined herself idly in one of the rocking-chairs, Mr. Brantley retired to the back parlour to read undisturbed the evening papers, and Augusta took up some bead-work, while Laura looked over the souvenirs with which the centre-table was strewed.

"How happy you must be, Miss Brantley," said Laura, "to have in your power to read so many new books."

"As to reading," replied Augusta, "I never

have any time to spare for that purpose, what with my music, and my dancing, and my lessons in French conversation, and my worsted-work, and my bead-work; then I have every day to go out shopping, for I always will choose every thing for myself. Mamma has not the least idea of my taste; at least, she never remembers it. And then there is always some business with the mantua-makers and milliners. And I have so many morning visits to pay with mamma—and in the afternoon I am generally so tired that I can do nothing but put on a wrapper, and throw myself on the bed, and sleep till it is time to dress for evening."

"Oh!" thought Laura Lovell, "how differently do we pass our time at Rosebrook! Is not this a beautiful engraving?" she continued, holding one of the open souvenirs towards Augusta.

"Yes—pretty enough," replied Augusta, scarcely moving her head to look at it—"mamma, do not you think I had better have my green pelerine cut in scoolops rather than in points?"

"I think," replied Mrs. Brantley, "that scoolops are the prettiest."

"Really, mamma," said Augusta, petulantly, "it is very peculiar in you to say so, when you ought to know that scoolops have had their day, and that points have come round again."

"Very well then, my love," replied Mrs. Brantley indolently, "consult your own taste."

"That I always do," said Augusta, half aside to Laura, who addressing herself to Mrs. Brantley, made some inquiry about the last new novel.

"I cannot say that I have read it," answered Mrs. Brantley, "at least, I don't know that I have. Augusta, my love, do you recollect if you have heard me say any thing about the last new book—the—a—the—what is it you call it, Miss Lovell?"

"La! mamma," said Augusta, "I should as soon expect to write a book as to read one."

There was a pause for a minute or two. Augusta then leaning back towards her mother, exclaimed—"Upon second thought, I think I will have the green pelerine scooloped, and the blue one pointed. But the points shall be squared at the ends—on that I am determined."

Laura now took up a volume of the juvenile annual entitled the Pearl, and said to Augusta—"You have, most probably, a complete set of the Pearl."

"After all, mamma," pursued Augusta, "butterfly bows are much prettier than shell bows. What were you saying just now, Miss Lovell, about my having a set of pearls?—you may well ask,"—looking spitefully towards the back parlour, in which her father was sitting. Papa holds out that he will not give me a set till I am eighteen—and as to gold chains, and corals and cornelians, I am sick of them, and I won't wear them at all—so you see me without any ornaments whatever, which you must think very peculiar."

Laura had tact enough to perceive that any further attempt at conversation on books, would be unavailing; and she made some inquiry about the annual exhibition of pictures at the Athenæum.

"I believe it is a very good one," replied

Mrs. Brantley. "We stopped there one day on our way to dine with some friends out of town. But as the carriage was waiting, and the horses were impatient, we only staid a few minutes, just long enough to walk round."

"Oh! yes, mamma," cried Augusta, "and don't you recollect we saw Miss Darford there in a new dress of lavender colored grenadine, though grenadines have been over these hundred years. And there was pretty Mrs. Lenham, as the gentlemen call her, in a puce-colored italianet, though italianets have been out for ages. And don't you remember Miss Grover's canary-colored reps bonnet, that looked as if it had been made in the ark. The idea of any one wearing reps!—a thing that has not been seen since the flood! Only think of reps!"

Laura Lovel wondered what *reps* could possibly be. "Now I talk of bonnets," pursued Augusta; "pray, mamma, did you tell Miss Pipincord that I would have my Tuscan leghorn trimmed with the lilac and green riband, instead of the blue and yellow?"

"Indeed," replied Mrs. Brantley, "I found your cousin Mary so extremely ill this afternoon when I went to see her, and my sister so very uneasy on her account, that I absolutely forgot to call at the milliner's, as I had promised you."

"Was there ever anything so vexatious!" exclaimed Augusta, throwing down her beadwork. "Really, mamma, there is no trusting you at all. You never remember to do any thing you are desired." And flying to the bell she rang it with violence.

"I could think of nothing but poor Mary's danger," said Mrs. Brantley, "and the twenty-five leeches that I saw on her forehead."

"Dreadful!" ejaculated Augusta. "But you might have supposed that the leeches would do her good, as of course they will. Here, William," addressing the servant man that had just entered; "run as if you were running for your life to Miss Pipincord, the milliner, and tell her upon no account, whatever, to trim Miss Brantley's Tuscan Leghorn with the blue and yellow riband that was decided on yesterday. Tell her I have changed my mind, and resolved upon the lilac and green. Fly as if you had not another moment to live, or Miss Pipincord will have already trimmed the bonnet with the blue and yellow."

"And then," said Mrs. Brantley, "go to Mrs. Ashmore's, and inquire how Miss Mary is this evening."

"Why, mamma," exclaimed Augusta, "aunt Ashmore lives so far from Miss Pipincord's that it will be ten or eleven o'clock before William gets back, and I shall be all that time on thorns to know if she has already disfigured my bonnet with the vile blue and yellow."

"Yesterday," said Mrs. Brantley, "you admired that very riband extremely."

"So I did," replied Augusta, "but I have been thinking about it since, and as I tell you, I have changed my mind. And now that I have set my heart upon the lilac and green, I absolutely detest the blue and yellow."

"But I am really very anxious to know how Mary is to-night," said Mrs. Brantley.

"Oh!" replied Augusta, "I dare say the leeches have relieved her. And if they have not, no doubt Dr. Warren will order twenty-five more—or something else that will answer the purpose. She is in very good hands—I am certain that in the morning we shall hear that she is considerably better. At all events I *will* not wear the hateful blue and yellow riband—William what are you standing for?"

The man turned to leave the room, but Mrs. Brantley called him back. "William," said she, "tell one of the women to go to Mrs. Ashmore's and inquire how Miss Mary is."

"Eliza and Matilda are both out," said William, "and Louisa is crying with the tooth ache, and steaming her face over hot yorbs—I guess she won't be willing to walk so far in the night air, just out of the steam."

"William!" exclaimed Augusta, stamping with her foot, "don't stand here talking, but go at once; there's not a moment to lose. Tell Miss Pipincord if she has put on that horrid riband, she must take it off again, and charge it in the bill, if she pretends she can't afford to lose it, as I dare say she will—and tell her to be sure and send the bonnet home early in the morning—I am dying to see it."

To all this Laura Lovel had sat listening in amazement, and could scarcely conceive the possibility of the mind of so young a girl being totally absorbed in things that concerned nothing but external appearance. She had yet to learn that a passion for dress, when thoroughly excited in the female bosom, and carried to excess, has a direct tendency to cloud the understanding, injure the temper, and harden the heart.

Till the return of William, Augusta seemed indeed to be on thorns. At last he came, and brought with him the bonnet, trimmed with blue and yellow. Augusta snatched it out of the bandbox, and stood speechless with passion, and William thus delivered his message from the milliner—

"Miss Pipincord sends word that she had riband'd the bonnet afore I come for it—she says she has used up all her laylock green for another lady's bonnet, as she chose it this afternoon; and she guesses you won't stand no chance of finding no more of it, if you sarch Boston through; and you chose the yellow and blue yourself, and she han't got no more ribands as you'd be likely to like. Them's her very words."

"How I do hate milliners!" exclaimed Augusta, and ringing for the maid that always assisted her in undressing, she flounced out of the room and went to bed.

"Miss Lovel," said Mrs. Brantley, smiling, "you must excuse dear Augusta. She is extremely sensitive about every thing, and that is the reason she is apt to give way to these little fits of irritation."

Laura retired to her room, grieving to think how unamiable a young girl might be made, by the indulgence of an inordinate passion for dress.

Augusta's cousin Mary did not die.

The following day was to have been devoted to shopping, and to making some additions to the simple wardrobe of Laura Lovel, for which

purpose her father had given her as much money as he could possibly spare. But it rained till late in the afternoon, and Mrs. Brantley's coach was out of order, and the Brantley's (like many other families that keep carriages of their own) could not conceive the possibility of hiring a similar vehicle upon any exigency whatever.

It is true that the present case was in reality no exigency at all; but Mrs. Brantley and her daughter seemed to consider it as such, from the one watching the clouds all day as she sat at the window, in her rocking-chair, and the other wandering about like a troubled spirit, fretting all the time, and complaining of the weather. Laura got through the hours very well, between reading *Souvenirs*, (almost the only book in the house,) and writing a letter to inform her family of her safe arrival, and to describe her journey. Towards evening, a coach was heard to stop at the door, and there was a violent ringing, followed by a loud sharp voice in the entry, inquiring for Mrs. Brantley, who started from her rocking-chair as Augusta exclaimed, "Miss Frampton!—I know 'tis Miss Frampton!" The young lady rushed into the hall, while her mother advanced a few steps, and Mr. Brantley threw down his paper, and hastened to the front-parlor with a look that expressed any thing but satisfaction.

There was no time for comment or preparation. The sound was heard of baggage depositing, and in a few moments Augusta returned to the parlor, hanging lovingly on the arm of a lady in a very handsome travelling dress, who flew to Mrs. Brantley and kissed her familiarly, and then shook hands with her husband, and was introduced by him to our heroine.

Miss Frampton was a fashionable looking woman of no particular age. Her figure was good, but her features were the contrary, and the expression of her eye was strikingly bad. She had no relations, but she talked incessantly of her friends—for so she called every person whom she ever knew by sight, provided always they were *presentable* people. She had some property, on the income of which she lived, exercising close economy on every thing but dress. Sometimes she boarded out, and sometimes she billeted herself on one or the other of these said friends, having no scruples of delicacy to deter her from eagerly availing herself of the slightest hint that might be construed into the semblance of an invitation. In short, she was assiduous in trying to get acquainted with every body from whom any thing was to be gained, flattering them to their faces, though she abused them behind their backs. Still, strange to tell, she had succeeded in forcing way into the outworks of what is called society. She drest well, professed to know every body, and to go every where, was *au fait* to all the gossip of the day, and could always furnish ample food for the too prevailing appetite for scandal. Therefore, though every one disliked Miss Frampton, so every one tolerated her; and though a notorious calumniator, she excited so much fear, that it was generally thought safer to keep up some slight intercourse with her, than to affront her by throwing her off entirely.

Philadelphia was her usual place of residence; but she had met the Brantley family at the Saratoga Springs, had managed to accompany them to New York on their way home, had boarded at Bunker's during the week they stayed at that house, had assisted them in their shopping expeditions, and professed a violent regard for Augusta, who professed the same for her. Mrs. Brantley's slight intimation "that she should be glad to see her if ever she came to Boston," Miss Frampton had now taken advantage of, on pretext of benefitting by change of air. Conscious of her faded looks, but still hoping to pass for a young woman, she pretended always to be in precarious health, though of this there was seldom any proof positive.

On being introduced to Laura Lovel, as to a young lady on a visit to the family, Miss Frampton, who at once considered her an interloper, surveyed our heroine from head to foot, with something like a sneer, and exchanged significant glances with Augusta.

As soon as Miss Frampton had taken her seat, "My dear Mrs. Brantley," said she, "how delighted I am to see you! And my sweet Augusta too! Why she has grown a perfect sylph!"

After hearing this, Augusta could not keep her seat five minutes together, but was gliding and flitting about all the remainder of the evening, and hovering round Miss Frampton's chair.

Miss Frampton continued, "Yes, my dear Mrs. Brantley, my health has, as usual, been extremely delicate. My friends have been seriously alarmed for me, and all my physicians have been quite miserable on my account. Dr. Dengue has been seen driving through the streets like a madman, in his haste to get to me. Poor man—you must have heard the report of his suffering Mrs. Smith's baby to die with the croup, from neglecting to visit it, which, if true, was certainly in very bad taste. However, Dr. Dengue is one of my oldest friends, and a most charming man.

"But, as I was saying, my health still continued delicate, and excitement was unanimously recommended by the medical gentlemen—excitement and ice-cream. And as soon as this was known in society, it is incredible how many parties were made for me, and how many excursions were made on my account. I had carriages at my door day and night. My friends were absolutely dragging me from each other's arms. Finally, they all suggested entire change of air, and total change of scene. So I consented to tear myself a while from my beloved Philadelphia, and pay you my promised visit in Boston."

"We are much obliged to you," said Mrs. Brantley. "And really," pursued Miss Frampton, "I had so many engagements on my hands, that I had fixed five different days for starting, and disappointed five different escorts. My receiving-room was like a levee every morning at visiting hours, with young gentlemen of fashion, coming to press their services, as is always the case when it is reported in Philadelphia that Miss Frampton has a disposition to travel. A whole procession of my friends accompanied me to the steamboat, and I believe I had more than a dozen elegant smelling-bot-

ties presented to me—as it is universally known how much I always suffer during a journey, being deadly sick on the water, and in a constant state of nervous agitation while riding.”

“And who did you come with at last?” asked Mrs. Brantley.

“Oh! with my friends, the Twamberleys, of yourcity,” replied Miss Frampton. “The whole family had been at Washington, and as soon as I heard they were in Philadelphia on their return home, I sent to inquire—that is, or rather, I mean, they sent to inquire as soon as they came to town, and heard that I intended visiting Boston—they sent to inquire if I would make them happy by joining their party.”

“Well,” observed Mr. Brantley, “I cannot imagine how you got along with the Twamberleys. Mr. Twamberley, besides being a clumsy, fat man, upwards of seventy years old, and lame with the gout, and nearly quite deaf, and having cataracts coming on both eyes, is always obliged to travel with his silly young wife, and the eight children of her first husband, and I should think he had enough to do in taking care of himself and them. I wonder you did not prefer availing yourself of the politeness of some of the single gentlemen you mentioned.”

“Oh!” replied Miss Frampton, “any of them would be too happy as they politely expressed it, to have had the pleasure of waiting on me to Boston. Indeed, I knew not how to make a selection, being unwilling to offend any of them by a preference. And then again, it is always in better taste for young ladies to travel, and indeed to go every where, under the wing of a married woman. I doat upon chaperons; and by coming with this family, I had Mrs. Twamberley to matronize me. I have just parted with them all at their own door, where they were set down.”

Mr. Brantley smiled when he thought of Mrs. Twamberley (who had been married to her first husband at fifteen, and was still a blooming girlish looking woman) matronizing the faded Miss Frampton, so evidently by many years her senior.

Laura Lovel, though new to the world, had sufficient good sense and penetration to perceive almost immediately, that Miss Frampton was a woman of much vanity and pretension, and that she was in the habit of talking with great exaggeration; and in a short time she more than suspected that many of her assertions were arrant falsehoods—a fact that was well known to all those numerous persons that Miss Frampton called her friends.

Tea was now brought in, and Miss Frampton took occasion to relate in what manner she had discovered that the famous silver urn of that charming family, the Sam Kettlethorpe, was in reality, only plated—that her particular favourites, the Joe Sowerbys, showed such bad taste at their terrapin supper, as to have green hock-glasses for the champagne; and that those delightful people, the Bob Skutterbys, the first time they attempted the new style of heaters at a venison dinner, had them filled with spirits of turpentine, instead of spirits of wine.

Next morning, Miss Frampton did not appear at the breakfast table, but had her first meal

carried into her room, and Augusta breakfasted with her.

Between them, Laura Lovel was discussed at full length, and their conclusion was, that she had not a single good feature—that her complexion was nothing, her figure nothing, and her dress worse than nothing.

“I don’t suppose,” said Augusta, “that her father has given her much money to bring to town with her.”

“To be sure he has not,” replied Miss Frampton, “if he is only a poor country clergyman. I think it was in very bad taste for him to let her come at all.”

“Well,” said Augusta, “we must take her a shopping this morning, and try to get her fitted out, so as to make a decent appearance at Nahant, as we are going thither in a few days.”

“Then I have come just in the right time,” said Miss Frampton. “Nahant is the very place I wish to visit—my sweet friend Mrs. Dick Pewsey has given me such an account of it. She passed a week at Nahant when she came to Boston last summer.”

“Oh! I remember her,” cried Augusta. “She was a mountain of blonde lace.”

“Yes,” observed Miss Frampton, “and not an inch of that blonde has yet been paid for, or ever will be. I know it from good authority.”

They went a shopping, and Augusta took them to the most fashionable store in Washington street, where Laura was surprised and confused at the sight of the various beautiful articles shown to them. Even their names perplexed her. She knew very well what gros de Naples was, (or gro de nap, as it is commonly called,) but she was at a loss to distinguish gros de Berlin, gros de Suisse, gros de Zane, and all the other gros. Augusta, however, was *au fait* to the whole, and talked and flitted, and glided, producing, as she supposed, great effect among the young salesmen at the counters. Miss Frampton examined every thing with scrutinizing eye, undervalued them all, and took frequent occasions to say that they were far inferior to similar articles in Philadelphia.

At length, a very light-coloured figured silk, with a very new name, was selected for Laura. The price appeared to her extremely high, and when she heard the number of yards that were considered necessary, she faintly asked “if less would not do.” Miss Frampton sneered, and Augusta laughed out, saying, “Don’t you see that the silk is very narrow, and that it has a wrong side and a right side, and that the flowers have a top and a bottom. So as it cannot be turned every way, a large quantity will be required.”

“Had I not better choose a plain silk,” said Laura; “one that is wider, and that can be turned any way.”

“Oh! plain silks are so common,” replied Augusta; “though for a change they are well enough. I have four. But this will be the best for Nahant. We always dress to go there, and, of course, we expect all our party to do the same.”

“But really, this silk is so expensive,” whispered Laura.

"Let the dress be cut off," said Miss Frampton, in a peremptory tone. "I am tired of such hesitation. 'Tis in very bad taste."

The dress *was* cut off, and Laura on calculating the amount, found that it would make a sad inroad on her little modicum. Being told that she must have also a new printed muslin, one was chosen for her with a beautiful sky blue for the predominant colour, and Laura found that this also was a very costly dress. She was next informed that she could not be presentable without a French pelerine of embroidered muslin. Pelerines in great variety were then produced, and Laura found, to her dismay, that the prices were from ten to twenty-five dollars. She declined taking one, and Miss Frampton and Augusta exchanged looks which said, as plainly as looks can speak, "I suppose that she has not money enough."

Laura coloured—hesitated—at last false pride got the better of her scruples. The salesman commended the beauty of the pelerines; particularly of one tied up at the front, and ornamented on the shoulders with bows of blue ribbon—and our heroine yielded, and took it at fifteen dollars; those at ten dollars, being voted by Miss Frampton "absolutely mean."

After this Laura was induced to supply herself with silk stockings and white silk gloves, "of a new style," and was also persuaded to give five dollars for a small scarf, also a new style. And when all these purchases were made, she found that three quarters of a dollar were all that remained in her purse. Augusta also bought several new articles; but Miss Frampton got nothing. However, she insisted afterwards on going into every fancy store in Washington street—not to buy, but "to see what they had," and gave much trouble in causing the salesmen needlessly to display their goods to her, and some offence by making invidious comparisons between their merchandize and that of Philadelphia.

By the time all this shopping was over, the clock of the Old South had struck two, and it was found expedient to postpone till next day, the intended visit to the milliner and mantua-maker, Miss Frampton and Augusta declaring that of afternoons they were never fit for any thing but to throw themselves on the bed and go to sleep. Laura Lovel, fatigued both in body and mind, and feeling much dissatisfied with herself, was glad of a respite from the pursuit of finery though it was only till next morning; and she was almost "at her wit's end" to know in what way she was to pay for having her dress made—much less for the fashionable bonnet which her companions insisted on her getting—Augusta giving more than hints, that if she went with the family to Nahant, they should expect her "to look like other people;" and Miss Frampton signifying in loud whispers, that "those who were unable to make an appearance, had always better stay at home."

In the evening there were some visitors, none of whom were very entertaining or agreeable, though all the ladies were excessively dressed. Laura was reminded of the homely proverb, "Birds of a feather flock together." The chief entertainment was listening to Augusta's me-

sic, who considered herself to sing and play with wonderful execution. But to the unpractised ears and eyes of our heroine, it seemed nothing more than an alternate succession of high shrieks and low murmurs, accompanied by various contortions of the face, sundry bowings and wavings of the body, great elevation of the shoulders, squaring of the elbows, and incessant quivering of the fingers, and throwing back of the hand. Miss Frampton talked all the while in a low voice to a lady that sat next to her, and turned round at intervals to assure Augusta that her singing was divine, and that she reminded her of Madame Fearon.

Augusta had just finished a very great song, and was turning over her music books in search of another, when a slight ring was heard at the street door, and as William opened it, a weak hesitating voice inquired for Miss Laura Lovel, adding, "I hope to be excused. I know I ought not to make so free; but I heard this afternoon, that Miss Laura, eldest daughter of the reverend Edward Lovel, of Rosebrook, Massachusetts, is now in this house, and I have walked five miles into town for the purpose of seeing the young lady. However, I ought not to consider the walk as any thing, and it was improper in me to speak of it at all. The young lady is an old friend of mine, if I may be so bold as to say so."

"There's company in the parlour," said William, in a tone not over respectful—"very particular company."

"I won't meddle with any of the company," proceeded the voice. "I am very careful never to make myself disagreeable. But I just wish, (if I am not taking too great a liberty,) to see Miss Laura Lovel."

"Shall I call her out?" said William.

"I would not for the world give her the trouble," replied the stranger. "It is certainly my place to go to the young lady, and not her's to come to me. I always try to be polite. I hope you don't find me unpleasant."

"Miss Lovel," said Miss Frampton sneeringly, "this must certainly be your beau."

The parlor door being open, the whole of the preceding dialogue had been heard by the company, and Miss Frampton from the place in which she sat, had a view of the stranger, as he stood in the entry.

William then, with an unsuppressed grin, ushered into the room a little thin, weak-looking man, who had a whitish face, and dead light hair, cut straight across his forehead.

His dress was scrupulously neat, but very unfashionable. He wore a full suit of yellowish brown cloth, with all the gloss on. His legs were covered with smooth cotton-stockings, and he had little silver knee-buckles. His shirt collar and his cravat were stiff and blue, the latter being tied in front with very long ends, and in his hand he held a blue bandanna handkerchief, carefully folded up. His whole deportment was stiff and awkward.

On entering the room, he bowed very low with a peculiar jerk of the head, and his whole appearance and manner denoted the very acme of humility. The company regarded him with amazement, and Miss Frampton began to whisper, keeping her eye fixed on him all the time.

Laura started from her chair, hastened to him, and holding out her hand, addressed him by the name of Pyam Dodge. He took the proffered hand, after a moment of hesitation, and said, "I hope I am properly sensible of your kindness, Miss Laura Lovel, in allowing me to take your hand, now that you are grown. Many a time have I led you to my school, when I boarded at your respected father's, who, I trust, is well. But now, I would not, on any account, be too familiar."

(Laura pointed to a chair.)

"But which is the mistress of the house? I know perfectly well that it is proper for me to pay my respects to her before I take the liberty of sitting down under her roof. If I may presume to say that I understand any thing thoroughly, it is certainly good manners. In my school, manners were always perfectly well taught—my own manners, I learnt chiefly from my revered uncle, Deacon Ironskirt, formerly of Wicketquock, but now of Popsquish."

Laura then introduced Pyam Dodge to the lady of the house, who received him civilly, and then to Mr. Brantley, who, perceiving that the poor school-master was what is called a character, found his curiosity excited to know what he would do next.

This ceremony over, Pyam Dodge bowed round to each of the company separately. Laura saw at once that he was an object of ridicule; and his entire want of tact, and his pitiable simplicity had never before struck her so forcibly. She was glad, when, at last, he took a seat beside her, and in a low voice she endeavored to engage him in a conversation that should prevent him from talking to any one else. She found that he was master of a district school about five miles from Boston, and that he was perfectly contented—for more than that he never had aspired to be.

But vain were the efforts of our heroine to keep Pyam Dodge to herself, and to prevent him from manifesting his peculiarities to the rest of the company. Perceiving that Augusta had turned round on her music-stool to listen, and to look at him, the school-master rose on his feet, and bowing first to the young lady, and then to her mother, he said, "Madam, I am afraid that I have disturbed the child in striking on her pyano-forty. I would on no account cause any interruption—for that might be making myself disagreeable. On the contrary, it would give me satisfaction for the child to continue her exercise, and I shall esteem it a privilege to hear how she plays her music. I have taught singing myself."

Augusta then, by desire of her mother, commenced a new bravura, which ran somehow thus:—

Oh! drop a tear, a tender tear—oh! drop a tear, a tender, tear. Oh! drop, oh! drop, oh! drop—oh a te-en-der te-e-ear—a tender tear—a tear for me a tear for me; a tender tear for me.

When I, when I, when I-I-I am wand'ring, wand'ring, wand'ring, wand'ring, far, far from thee—fa-a-ar, far, far, far from thee—from thee.

For sadness in—for sadness in, my heart, my heart shall reign—shall re-e-e-ign—my hee-e-

art—for sa-a-adness in my heart shall reign—shall reign.

Until—until—unti-i-il we fondly meet again, we fondly meet, we fo-o-ondly me-e-et—until we fondly, fondly, fondly meet—meet, meet, 'meet, again—we meet again.

This song (in which the silliness of the words was increased ten-fold by the incessant repetition of them), after various alternations of high and low, fast and slow, finished in thunder. Augusta striking the concluding notes with an energy that made the piano tremble.

When the Bravura was over, Pyam Dodge, who had stood listening in amazement, looked at Mrs. Brantley, and said "Madam, your child must doubtless sing that song very well when she gets the right tune."

"The right tune," interrupted Augusta, indignantly.

"The right tune!" echoed Mrs. Brantley and Miss Frampton.

"Yes," said Pyam Dodge, solemnly—"and the right words also. For what I have just heard, is, of course, neither the regular tune nor the proper words, as they seem to go every how—therefore I conclude that all this wandering and confusion, was caused by the presence of these strangers; myself in all probability being the greatest stranger, if I may be so bold as to say so. This is doubtless the reason why she mixed up the words at random, and repeated the same so often, and why her actions at the pyano-forty are so strange. I trust that at other times she plays and sings so as to give the proper sense."

Augusta violently shut down the lid of her piano, and gave her father a look that implied, "Won't you turn him out of the house." But Mr. Brantley was much diverted, and laughed audibly.

Pyam Dodge surveyed himself from head to foot, ascertained that his knee-buckles were fast, and his cravat not untied, and finding all his clothes in complete order, he said, looking round to the company, "I hope there is nothing ridiculous about me—it is my endeavor to appear as well as possible; but the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong."

"Upon my word," said Miss Frampton, leaning across the centre-table to Mrs. Brantley, "your protegee seems to have a strange taste in her acquaintances. However, that is always the case with people who have never been in society, as my friend Mrs. Tom Spradlington justly remarks."

A waiter with refreshments was now brought in, and handed round to the company. When it came to Pyam Dodge, he rose on his feet and thanked the man for handing it to him—then taking the smallest possible quantity of each of the different articles, he put all on the same plate, and unfolding his blue bandana, he spread it carefully and smoothly over his knees, and commenced eating with the smallest possible mouthful, praising every thing as he tasted it. The wine being offered to him, he respectfully declined, signifying that he belonged to the Temperance Society. But he afterwards took a glass of lemonade, on being assured that it was not punch, and again rising on his feet, he drank

the health of each of the company separately, and not knowing their names, he designated them as the lady in the blue gown, the lady in the white gown, the gentleman in the black coat, &c.

This ceremony over, Pyam Dodge took an old-fashioned silver watch, of a shape almost globular, and looking at the hour, he made many apologies for going away so soon, having five miles to walk, and requested that his departure might not break up the company. He then bowed all round again—told Laura he would thank her for her hand, which on her giving him, he shook high, and awkwardly, walked backwards to the door and ran against it, trusted that he had made himself agreeable, and at last departed.

The front door had scarcely closed after him when a general laugh took place, which even Laura could scarcely refrain from joining in.

"Upon my word, Miss Lovel," said Augusta, "this friend of yours, is the most peculiar person I ever beheld."

"I never saw a man in worse taste," remarked Miss Frampton.

In a moment another ring was heard at the door, and on its being opened, Pyam Dodge again made his appearance in the parlour, to beg pardon of the lady of the house, for not having returned thanks for his entertainment, and also to the young lady for her music, which, he said, "was, doubtless, well meant." He then repeated his bows and withdrew.

"What an intolerable fool!" exclaimed Augusta.

"Indeed," replied Laura Lovel, "he is, after all, not deficient in understanding, though his total want of tact, and his entire ignorance of the customs of the world, give an absurdity to his manner, which I confess it is difficult to witness without a smile. I have heard my father say that Pyam Dodge is one of the best classical scholars he ever knew, and he is certainly a man of good feelings, and of irreproachable character."

"I never knew a bore that was not," remarked Miss Frampton.

There was again a ring at the door, and again Pyam Dodge was ushered in. His business now, was to inform Miss Laura Lovel, that if she did not see him every day during her residence in Boston, she must not impute the unfrequency of his visits to any disrespect on his part, but rather to his close confinement to the duties of his school—besides which, his leisure time was much occupied in studying Arabic; but he hoped to make his arrangements so as to be able to come to town, and spend at least three evenings with her every week.

At this intimation, there were such evident tokens of disapproval, on the part of the Brantley family and Miss Frampton, and of embarrassment on that of Laura, that poor Pyam Dodge, obtuse as he was to the things of this world, saw that the announcement of his visits was not perfectly well received. He looked amazed at this discovery, but bowed lower than ever, hoped he was not disgusting, and again retreated.

Once more was heard the faint ring that an-

nounced the schoolmaster. "Assuredly," observed a gentleman present, "this must be the original Return Strong."

This time, however, poor Pyam Dodge did not venture into the parlour, but was heard meekly to inquire of the servant, if he had not dropped his handkerchief in the hall. The handkerchief was picked up, and he finally departed, humbly hoping "that the gentleman attending the door, had not found him troublesome." The moment that he was gone, the gentleman who attended the door, was heard audibly to put up the dead-latch.

Next day, Augusta Brantley gave a standing order to the servants, that whenever Miss Lovel's school-master came, he was to be told that the whole family were out of town.

In the morning, Laura was conveyed by Augusta and Miss Frampton, to the mantua-maker's, and Miss Boxpleat demurred a long time about undertaking the two dresses, and longer still about finishing them that week, in consequence of the vast quantity of work she had now on hand. Finally she consented, assuring Laura Lovel that she only did so to oblige Miss Brantley.

Laura then asked what would be the charge for making the dresses. Miss Boxpleat reddened, and vouchsafed no reply. Miss Frampton laughed out, and Augusta twitched Laura's sleeve, who wondered what faux pas she had committed, till she learned in a whisper that it was an affront to the dress-maker to attempt a bargain with her before-hand, and our heroine, much disconcerted, passively allowed herself to be fitted for the dresses.

Laura had a very pretty bonnet of the finest and whitest split straw, modestly trimmed with broad white satin ribbon; but her companions told her that there was no existing without a dress hat, and she was accordingly carried to Miss Pipincord's. Here they found that all the handsomest articles of this description, were already engaged, but they made her bespeak one of a very expensive silk, trimmed with flowers and gauze ribbon, and when she objected to the front, as exposing her whole face to the summer-sun, she was told that of course she must have a blonde-veil. "We will stop at Whitaker's," said Augusta, "and see his assortment, and you can make the purchase at once." Laura knew that she could not, and steadily persisted in her refusal, saying that she must depend on her parasol for screening her face.

Several other superfluities were pressed upon our poor heroine, as they proceeded along Washington street, Augusta really thinking it indispensable to be fashionably and expensively dressed, and Miss Frampton feeling a malignant pleasure in observing how much these importunities confused and distressed her.

Laura sat down to dinner with an aching head, and no appetite, and afterwards retired to her room, and endeavoured to allay her uneasiness with a book.

"So," said Miss Frampton to Mrs. Brantley, "this is the girl that dear Augusta tells me you think of inviting to pass the winter with you."